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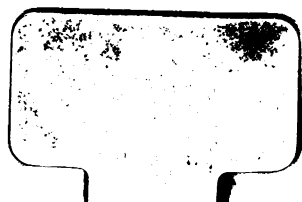
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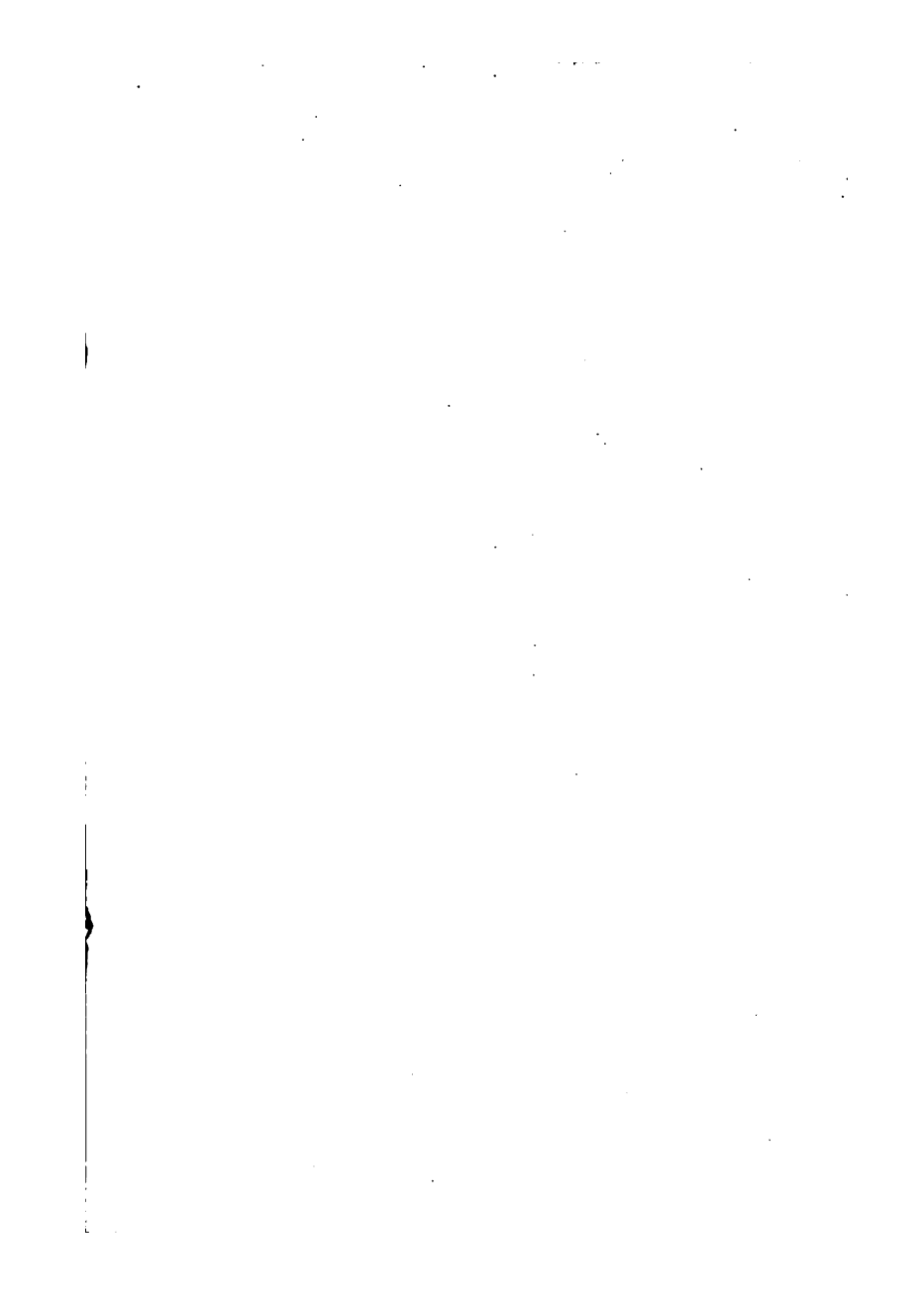
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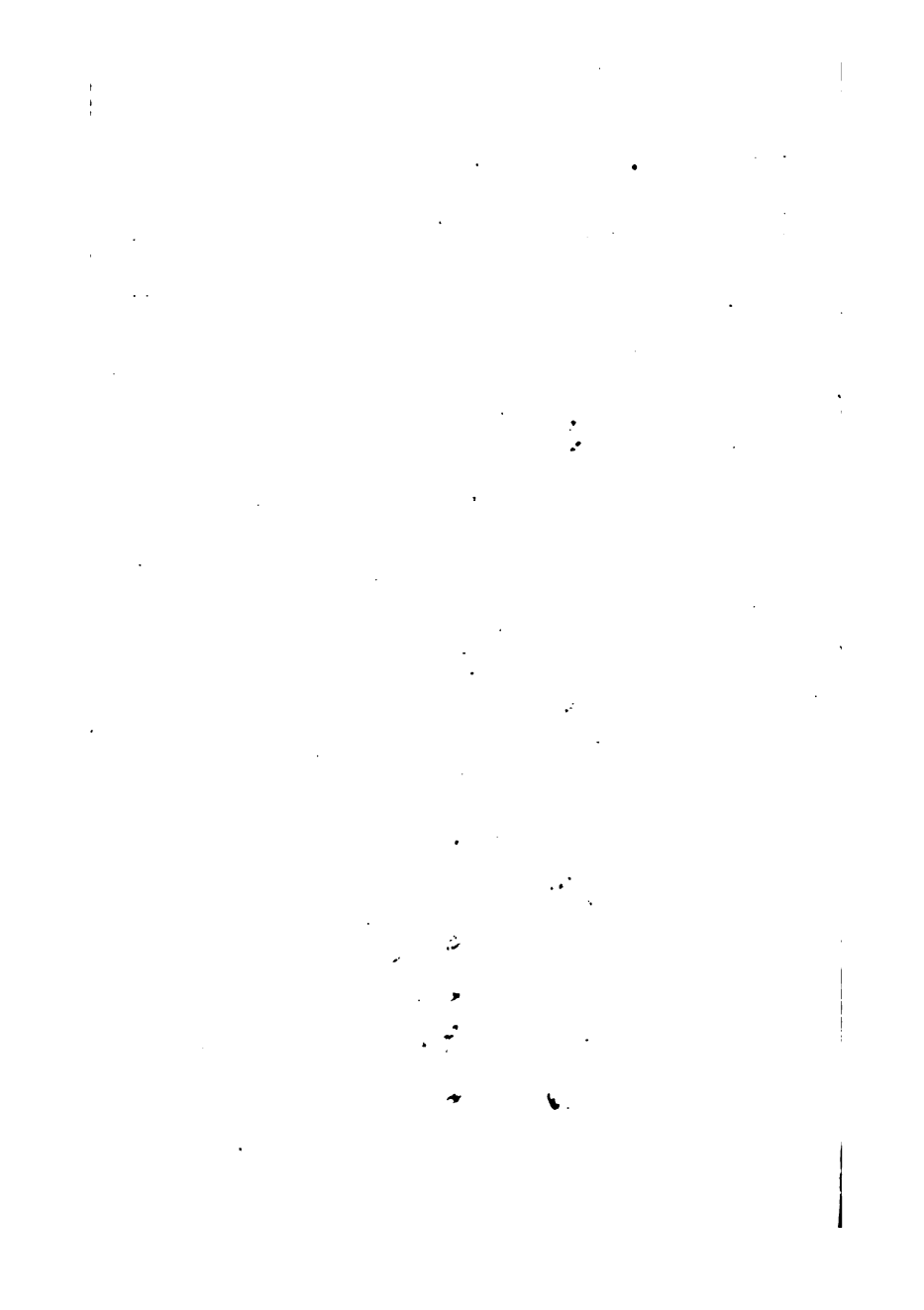
The Bride
and
The Bridegroom.

BEING SONNETS AND OTHER VERSE
FOR THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

By the Rev. J. Cowden-Cole, B.A.







THE
Bride and the Bridegroom,

BEING

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSE

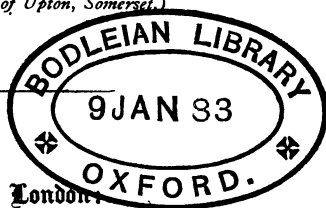
FOR THE

CHURCH'S YEAR.

BY

J. COWDEN-COLE, B.A.,

(Vicar of Upton, Somerset.)



HOULSTON AND SONS,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1882.

147. g - 708.

Thou art her only spouse,
Whose arm supports her, on whose faithful breast
Her persecuted head she meekly bows,
Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Keble.

P R E F A C E.

A WORD of explanation is due with regard to the apparent liberty which has been taken in this little volume as to the arrangement of the immoveable Feast-Days.

The object in view has been the better to connect these Holy-Days of the Prayer Book with the special teaching of the Sunday to which they may fall near. This must, of course, in a single instance, be but tentative ; and would necessarily vary from year to year, as the moveable Feasts themselves changed. The Author believes, however, that more deference would be paid to the Saints' Days, by ordinary Church-going people, if thus the Sunday to which they may fall near was not suffered to pass without an endeavour being made to interweave the teaching of the Saint's Day with that of the Sunday Festival.

Much has been done of late years to popularize the Prayer Book, and to bring it easily within the comprehension of all. No one, however, would venture to assert that all had been accomplished in this direction, which it was possible to do. The Book of Common Prayer is still to many a sealed book; and its beauties and excellencies are often passed over, through want perhaps of a friendly hand to point them out.

If in any way this little volume of verse will help the busy workers and toilers in the world to take a greater interest in the Church's Common Service Book, it will have achieved (under God) the purpose for which it has been sent forth upon what in our day are the troubled waters of Church opinion.

JUNE 1st, 1882.

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J. WRIGHT & CO., PRINTERS,
BRISTOL

A Dedication.



SOLDIER of Christ whose feet had strayed
Where men do congregate and dwell ;
Who knew of men both husk and shell,
As well as deeper purpose laid :

Amid the world's engrossing deeds,
Some time for God was found by thee,
A time to bend in prayer the knee,
And live in life the Church's creeds !

The world in heedless course goes on,
With eager zest to pastures new
It speeds, nor thinks not of the few
Not shaped as it, till they are gone.

Yet life is not all common quite,
Some few there be of nobler mark,
Who fear no form from mist and dark
But pass their days in golden light !

A union all unknown of men
Unites the spirit-life to God ;
They feast as those whose feet are shod
With readiness, as pilgrims then.

Beyond the vision of our years
There loom the lines of Canaan's shores ;
There rest, O Soldier, worn with wars,
For thee the smile, for thee the tears !



THE
Bride and the Bridegroom,
BEING SONNETS
AND OTHER VERSE FOR THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

I.

For the Day.

I.

MORNING.

SPEAK good of the Lord all ye works of His,
Wheresoe'er His dominion doth reach,
Let Praise and the sound of the harp arise
With voices of nature to mingle from each !

For Morning breathes fresh of the field-flower's
bloom
As it lies with delight in its vesture of dew ;
It knows not of heat that will wither and doom—
What now in man's heart is so bright and so true.

He reneweth our youth, O fair word of God !
As the eagles then, mount on outspread wing,
So my soul may uprise to the angels' abode
And rest on the heights o'ershadowing !

He knoweth our frame ; frail creatures of dust
 Who blend as in one the ill with the good ;
 Whose days are part given to pride and to lust
 And to deeds that but shame the fair flower's bud.

Yet He pitieth all ; His mercy likewise
 Hath circled man's heart from age to age ;
 His ear has been bent to sorrow's deep cries
 When the heart hath awoke to its lost heritage.

Then speak good of the Lord all ye works of His,
 As morn breaketh fresh with its flowers and dew ;
 O my soul arise with the word that is His,
 And live for His praise and perfect review.

2.

NOON.

THE trees of the Lord are full of sap,
 The cedars tall
 O'er Lebanon's heights they wave and glance
 As the winds call ;
 He hath planted these for His dear delight,
 The cedars tall,
 A home for the stork by day and night
 Till fate befall !

At our desire He fills us with
 The Bread of Heaven,
 As those of old He chose as His
 From Egypt given :
 When faint and worn with wilderness
 The food of Heaven
 Is sweetest stay and feast of joy—
 Joy without leaven !

Thou plannest all things good, my God ;
Thy Providence
Bestoweth what we need and want
For soul or sense,
Life is replenished everywhere
Thy love shows whence ;
O trust with stedfast mind and will
His Providence !

3.

NIGHT.

STAND in awe and sin not !
Word divine,
Now indeed to win not
Peace of Thine,

Till is told in anguish
All the past,
E'en while heart may languish
Day o'ercaſt.

Many, ah, will say, Lord,
What the good ?
Where Thy righteous sway, Lord,
Shield and Food ?

Who will shew thee pity,
Sinner chief,
In the world's proud city
Unbelief ?

Lift, O Lord, the sweet light
Of Thy face,
So that it may meet light
Leave its trace

Where it long may linger
On man's soul,
Marked as by Thy finger
Part and whole !

So in peace I'll lay me
Down to rest,
Now no thought to stay me
With its quest.

In our Lord is only
Sweetest sleep,
So no Power lonely
O'er us creep !

Safety, truest gladness
Fills the night,
Gone are tears and sadness
In His sight !

II.

St. Andrew's Day.

WILLINGNESS.

"I was made manifest unto them that asked not after Me."

"We have found the Messiah."

ANDREW, saint of sacred story.
Brother of the willing mind,
Age but adds its crown of glory
To thy days for ever kind :

We are but thy offspring only
In our love for Saviour dear—
Earth knows not of feelings lonely
As we think that thou art near !

Not content to see the vision
Thrown across thy early path,
Thou would'st brave the world's derision
Bringing souls to God's own hearth ;
Seeking since the line of shadows
Passed from manhood's years and ways
Means to draw by Angels' ladders
Friends to Christ in prayer and praise.

Simple-hearted, true as lover
Of his Lord, when fully gained ;
Can we surer test discover
Which to use for way unstained ?
Hero-hearted, word the rather
Lips would mould with loving pride ;
Yet to gain the love of Father,
Son-like be our moments tried.

Andrew, saint of Cross all-holy
When the time of trial came,
Heart then given to Christ most wholly—
E'en in saddened hour the same ;
Willingness thine earliest beauty
Blossom fair of tree of life :
Patience in the path of duty,
Noblest record of the strife !

III.

Advent Sunday.

DAWN.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

O RESTLESS night of sin, fast passing now,
 Before the soft, pale streaks of early dawn,
 How have I longed to know that thou wert gone,
 Thy darkening stain no more upon my brow :
 O welcome now the Angel's clarion blast
 The trumpet tones which make the valleys ring,
 "Arise from dust of earth, break forth and sing.
 No more shall prison-portals bind thee fast."
 O Lord, Thy beauteous armour lieth bright
 All formed and fashioned for my earthly wear,
 All glowing in the red sun's dawning light,
 Proclaiming aid and help the day to bear :
 Cast, then, my soul, thy dreams of sloth away,
 Behold, at hand, is thy long-wished for day !

IV.

Second Sunday in Advent.

HOPE.

"That we might have hope."

H OPE springs eternal in the human breast :
 The rainbow too is round about Thy Throne
 That we might look with drooping hearts and lone,
 And as we look might gain for ever rest !
 Thou, Lord, wilt hold us in Thy strong desire,
 Desire that wraps our souls in living flame
 Takes sting of death away, and smart of shame
 Till Hope fades into sight in regions higher.

Prisoners of Hope are we ! Blest be thy Word :
The emerald's glow is grateful to our gaze
As Ark on Ocean's stream to weary bird
When o'er it gleamed blood-red Light's last few
rays :
By Hope then saved, O hold to it quite fast
For " I am He that lives, the First and Last."

V.

Third Sunday in Advent.*THOUGHT MADE MANIFEST.*

" Who will make manifest the counsels of the heart ?"

AH, bitter was the taunt of him who said
Speech was but as a means to hide our
thought :

The underlying meaning must be sought,
Or else the spoken message all unread !

Not so, O Lord, would I Thy gift disdain,

The gift to speak, as golden link between

The hidden world of thought—to intervene
Betwixt that world and this and make all plain.
Revealer of the shadowy thoughts of men !

One day our hearts will open be, and strange
Shall we seem to ourselves, as Thine eyes then

O'er all our double selves and falseness range !
Stewards of heavenly mysteries, faithful be
Let not the worldling's failing be your plea.

VI.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

SALVATION.

“ Salvation will God appoint for walls.”

REJOICE ! Thy presence nearer grows to me
 Doubt's shadow shall but last the eventide
 With morning joy and peace as to Thy side
 I creep betimes in sweetest ecstasy.
 I feel Thine arms about me as the walls
 Which round the City of solemnities,
 I kneel and bend towards Thy holy kiss,
 That kiss of peace which now no fear forestalls.
 Saviour ! Salvation the appointed deed
 For which our souls shall magnify Thy name.
 Our hearts lie bare, Thou knowest all our need ;
 We crave Thy aid—no word from Thee can blame ;
 Yet, lest dread weakness in our mortal hour
 Prevail, “ O Lord (we pray) raise up Thy Power.”

VII.

St. Thomas the Apostle.

MISGIVINGS.

“ Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me.”

O SAINT, whose day in Advent time
 Returns on memory's wing,
 How like to thine are clouds and fears
 Which shadows o'er us fling ;
 We weep and doubt, and know not why
 Our morning's Faith should fail ;
 The evening's twilight hath its will,
 Our spirits shrink and quail.

Perchance the prison's lonely walls,
Shuts out the light of Heaven,
And Faith which erst was fresh and strong
To darker thoughts is given ;
Or sense has gained by mightier links
As spirit-life grew less,
To know the way, we ask in pride,
Nor walk by Faith and bless.

Yet to our Saviour we will come
In wayward mood or dull,
" Mine eyes must see, mine hands must touch
So dreaded doubt to lull :
I knew Thee once ere darker hour
Mine eyelids closed in grief,
That Faith may backward flow with joy
Now sight must be belief."

O gracious word the Saviour speaks
In time of peril sore :
" Behold My hands and wounded side
Thy thrust to open more ;
Draw nigh that sight may be assuaged,
And Faith rebound from dread ;
Doubt's lesson learn from open look,
So rise to life, though dead."

Thus He ; yet more than sight of eyes
Is it to walk in love,
Nor find offence in Christ our Lord,
Whose chiding will reprove :
The evening's twilight can but last
The few, brief passing hours,
With morning, Faith and sight entwined,
And life renewed in powers.

VIII.

**The Nativity of our Lord, or the Birth-
day of Christ, commonly called Christmas
Day.**

I.

THE MANIFESTATION.

"God manifest in the Flesh."

AT length the hour is reached and we are Thine
O time, long-awaited for by weary world,
Foretold of old by prophet—now unfurled
The royal banner is ! O wreaths entwine
Of box and fragrant myrtle, holly bough
And sweetest leaves of flowers that cannot fade !
Behold the mystery ! Flesh the Word is made !
Earth-long and everlasting is the vow
Our hearts make at Thy shrine, O Bethlehem !
I Thine by grace, Thine by adoption too !
For ever, ever ! Change not jewel nor gem
That sparkles in His glowing vesture's hue !
Thou the same ! O day by day refill
My failing nature, bend to Thine my will !

2.

A CAROL.

STRAINS of midnight sweetly rising
On the dark, December air,
Can there aught of earth's revising
Mar thy tones angelic-fair :

“Glory, glory in the Highest,
Mid the forms around the Throne ;
Earth hath peace in shadow nighest
To the Host, white-winged and lone.”

Take we up that song of Heaven,
Sung by voices near to earth,
Telling of the glory given
At the Saviour's lowly birth :
Mother, Child, in glory glowing,
From the hour of Angels' song ;
Ransom royal midnight showing,
Paid in Peace for ages long.

Once again, then, hearts and voices
Lift on high the Angels' strains—
Man with God in heart rejoices,
Loosed from Satan's pangs and pains :
“Glory, glory, long increasing”
Be the theme delighting well,
Song, whose sweetness is unceasing,
Sounding forth o'er hill and dell.

Only goodwill be our portion,
Men of love our only name ;
So, goodwill without extortion
Rightly will the blessing claim :
“Peace and glory, growing ever,
God the glory, earth the peace,”
Strains, whose joy will tire never,
Song, whose strains will never cease.

IX.

St. Stephen's Day.

MARTYRS.

"And they stoned Stephen."

TRUE Martyrs they, in will as well as deed,
 Linked ever with the Lord in closest ties
 Of mutual intercourse—while open lies
 The golden gate of Heaven in time of need—
 Who couple with the sacrificial deed
 The sacrifice of soul—pains, tears and sighs !
 A crown of fadeless leaves their fadeless prize
 And great reward, as to the goal they speed !
 Much must I suffer for the cause of truth :
 The world's behests, O Lord, will oft with Thine
 Conflict and seem awry, as when in youth
 Would Pleasure stand athwart the Duty mine :
 Look steadfastly to Heaven—no other rule
 Will aid with might to conquer in Trial's school !

X.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

THE GOSPEL RECORD.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

O LIFE of knowledge, passing fair art thou :
 To live and breathe, and then to pass away,
 And leave no other token of our stay
 Amid earth's clouds and sunshine—this I vow

Takes all the sweetness from the life that now
You claim as yours ! One thing alone yet pray
To grow and ripen, growing day by day
In that His light and truth made plain. Ah, bow
No knee to lesser idol ! What we have seen
And heard, that we declare and show to you !
Disciple best beloved, thou did'st lean
For strength and knowledge on the bosom fair
Of Him, who took no colour from Time's hue,
So like Him did'st grow—so lived and knew no care !

XI.

*Innocents' Day.**THE SONG OF REDEMPTION.*

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and they sang as it were a new song before the throne."

NOT all who suffer for the Master's sake,
Whose lips have pressed the cup the unseen
hand

From out the darkness and the shadow-land
Has held, that they their daily drink might make,
Not all so to themselves their suffering take

As to be known of that most holy band
Who pass where'er the Lamb doth lead or stand
Before the Throne—ah, then their strains awake
With rapture all the joys of Heaven !

Yet shield us, Lord, in this our mortal hour
That lips of ours may glorify Thy Name :
Though storm and tempest on our pathway lower
Oh, let it not be said that these o'ercame :
So may hereafter life be without leaven !

XII.

*Sunday after Christmas.**THE NAME.*

"Thou shalt call His Name Jesus."

WHAT memories cling around some simple name :

Visions and thoughts too deep for words will oft
 Abide and live in it, its story waft
 To distant times and years, the past reclaim
 From darkness and forgetfulness ! Should not
 The Name, then, borne by human souls, which
 mark

Them from their fellows be as light to dark,
 And tell of character and grace their lot,
 And outward calling fain would bring to them ?
 O Jesu, Thee we know as by the Angel named
 Before conceived, the Child of Bethlehem :

Thy manhood's life and work by name proclaimed !
 And all along the dusky paths of time
 To Thee we bend the knee, Saviour sublime !

XIII.

*Circumcision of Christ.**CONFORMITY.*

"He received the sign of Circumcision."

THEY err who tell us outward signs are nought :
 Alone and by themselves they may be so,
 As when in empty forms men to and fro
 Pass idle compliments ; but these when brought

To test of truth deceive no soul. Oh, true
And best is that which seeks in outward sign
The inner meaning—makes the two combine
To form a whole, harmonious to the view !
O Saviour mine, Thou wast conformed in leal
To outward ordinance and law for man ;
No painful rite foregone, so Thou to plan
Divine of righteousness might'st set Thy seal.
Ah, too, conformed be our members all
True circumcision owed by great and small !

XIV.

*Second Sunday after Christmas.**NEWNESS OF LIFE.*

“Behold I make all things new.”

THE eye that looks on this world's fairest sight
And lingers lovingly its pride to read,
Nor fears that what is loved should prove a weed
Misshapen, useless for his garden bright
Knows this: though storm may ravage with affright
And powers of evil rush with loathsome greed
To mar and spoil the work of nature's need,
Yet nature's sunny smile shall triumph quite.
The first may pass away—the former earth
And heaven—its crystal stream and sea of glass ;
But in its throes will come the blest new birth,
“New things above, below, I bring to pass.”
Whate'er of newness then, the Lord will show,
Let life be praise to Him : this let all know.

XV.

**The Epiphany or Manifestation of Christ
to the Gentiles.**

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

"We have seen His star in the East."

DESPISE not day of little things : for soon
 The tiny rivulet, that from its source
 On hill-side issues silently, gains force
 And flows in stately stream, to man a boon !
 "The leading of a star : " from night to noon
 To follow with unfailing step its course
 To life and light—no wakening to remorse !
 O silver light of star, by night a moon !
 "Faith's journey !" thee we know by faith in sphere
 Of Time, nor think thy upward leading strange,
 From youth to manhood's prime and on to sere
 Old age—O starry spheres through which we
 range !
 Alas, if quest of ours no Saviour brings,
 Following some star of earth, not Heaven's kings !

XVI.

First Sunday after Epiphany.*RELATIONSHIPS.*

"And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

"MY Father's business!" Nothing common yet
Hath touched these lips with flame of
earth's desire;

My heart alone would beat to strains of lyre
Struck by the master-hand—to music set.

Ah, call not that unclean on whose full front

Is stamped the lineage of the Father's face;

Let it delight thee rather there to trace

His marks and semblances, and so account

That all is His. Home seeks, 'tis true, to claim

The larger portion of our active state,

Stray we from thence, sorrow's at hand to blame,

And wonders why from it we tarry late:

Subjection then should we desire to learn,

Both near and far-off duty, each in turn.

XVII.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.*TRANSFORMATION.*

"The water that was made wine."

"BE ye transformed:" this the Apostle's word
The world will seek to mould and fashion
quite

Thy plastic mind and spirit; all its might
Will move to make thee like the common herd.

Yet be not so conformèd : purpose more
 Than this hath He in keep for thee ; not as
 The world thy colour be ; yet shape He has
 For thee—thy open heart His entrance-door.
 “ He made the water wine ”—our weakness changed,
 And elemental as our being was—
 Our wasted nature all from His estranged—
 He made the soil whence sprang our Sharon’s
 rose :
 Present your body then a sacrifice
 Acceptable and holy, so rejoice !

XVIII.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.*THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.*

“ Is there no physician there ? ”

WHEN all our sin is present to our view,
 And deeply conscious self-condemned we
 stand,
 Dreading to meet Thy look, hear Thy command
 “ Go, cleanse thee in yon billowy waters blue ! ”
 Ah, then, O Mighty One, Thou drawest near,
 Thy hand with sympathetic touch is laid
 On ours—the sin whose fearfulness and shade
 Seemed ever wrought with sigh and falling tear
 Into our being, now into the past
 And hoar forgetfulness doth pass away :
 “ In Gilead there is balm, yea, what thou wast
 Shall no more live in memory of to-day ! ”
 O leper, lowly fall then at His feet
 So will He all thy shame and pantings greet !

XIX.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

IN PERIL.

"In perils of waters."

STORM-TOSSED, my soul, on life's tempestuous
sea ;

The sport of angry passions wild and drear,
Which leave no resting-place—I may not near
The blessèd shores of men stand lingeringly !
But ever mid the tombs and shadowy homes
Of phantoms, born of weird and vain regret—
Born in the dim and twilight hours, ere yet
Thick darkness from the bounds of ocean looms
Must dwell ! O what have I to do with thee !

Thy voice seems as the echo of past days,
The days when light and love went hand in hand,
And all the speeding moments joy and praise :
Afar, the waters deep roll to the strand
Where peace and calmness reigns, there would I be !

XX.

Conversion of St. Paul.

THE WORKER'S REWARD.

"Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we have
therefore ?"

THE Gospel's light to shine the world throughout:
From East to furthest bounds of setting sun,
Where ocean's rolling wave and stream are one
With tideless sea—the sea of time and doubt !

O great light-bringer to the shores of Night !
 When eve stole on and all thy race was run—
 Its goal thou saw'st when yet 'twas scarce begun—
 What then thy great reward and dear delight
 But this : "The work thou gavest me to do
 To bear Thy name in kings' and Gentiles' sight,
 Nor e'er to bend to all the proud world's might,
 But suffer for Thy name—and glory too
 In suffering, yea, yea, Thy work is done,
 The throne of beauty Thou bestow'st is won !"

XXI.

**The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,
 commonly called the Purification of St.
 Mary the Virgin.**

I.

THE PRESENTATION.

"The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His Temple."

THE days have passed long since that Thou,
 O Lord,
 Did'st with Thy wondrous light and presence fill
 The earthly shrine, where men should seek thy
 will

To read and know—the unknown stream to ford !
 The costly stones of that fair house of Thine
 Have slowly crumbled with the ages lapse :
 Yea, time, Thy handmaid and avenger saps
 The strength of strongest—yet, oh why repine !

Thy promise ever true and faithful is—
To him that seeks shall he not surely find—
Lo, even to the end, yea I always
Am with you ! Is there more or aught can bind
Thee closer to me ? Be thyself the shrine
Where men may come and go, and know thou'rt
mine.

2.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

THE winter flowerets fade and die
Where love once set their beauty fair :
The holly-wreath so closely nigh
In fading look now seems to share :
For winter's days are hastening fast,
And other light dawns on our way,
Our festal joy is of the past,
And sterner purpose asks the day.

Why should we linger with regret
In thought for joys no longer near,
And ask for fadeless flowers and sweet
To bloom and blossom always here :
No "ever-green" the world doth claim,
Can bear full likeness unto God,
The earth hath touched each glowing flame,
And bent all good beneath its rod !

Yet resignation is not lone
Nor image true of perfect state :
"Our eyes have seen," this word we own
Though called in worship long to wait :

And since the light in glory filled
The Tabernacle of our choice,
Our way has been no more self-willed,
But guided by the Spirit-voice.

And so till festal joy again
Brings holly leaf and branch and bough,
We'll follow till the light doth wane
In steadfastness of mind and vow :
For with the Light true peace hath come
As soul and body claims the Lord ;
Though flowerets fade, hearts are not dumb,
We'll speak and act, as bids "Thy Word!"

XXII.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.*GOOD AND EVIL.*

"The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field ; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way."

I WOULD know whence the blending strange,
yet real,
The mingling of opposing forces strong,
With might constrained—now doth urge along
Each force, as if alone it must reveal
Itself in me, and I its mystery feel—
Which ever in the ways where men do throng
They name as good, or know as ill and wrong!
Alas, if only to the wrong they kneel!

My soul, learn what thy Lord by parable
And image used to make the mystery plain,
Would seek for thee to know—not face to face
As yet—in part till sun on earth doth wane,
Can'st thou but know—the alien from thy race
Hath done the deed of ill : the end shall tell !

XXIII.

*Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.**AN EPIPHANY TO GLORY.*

“Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of
Heaven, with power and great glory.”

BEHOLD what love the Father hath bestowed
On us—not now as aliens from His home
Of many mansions need our footsteps roam ;
The way of hope and peace is to us showed !
O purpose great, He to our nature owed—
I watch the angry water's yesty foam,
Then turn my gaze to yon thick-studded dome
And wide expanse above—of care no load
Can know or feel. “Heirs of eternal life !”
What nobler purpose could His mind unfold !
Sin shall but do its work a little space,
Beyond its passing day is love untold,
And glory fading into endless grace :
Here where the waters meet we end the strife !

XXIV.

Septuagesima Sunday.

WORK.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

YEA, work is good for hungry souls,
 The vineyard all before us open lies,
 We hear the voice life's mystery that unrolls
 "Go, work, my son, to day where duty hies !"

What if reward be not as I
 Would wish, or think is rightly to be done,
 Let this my purpose be—let me but try
 Not worst—but best ; be second unto none !

Thou madest all things good, my God,
 Thy toil was pleasure, Glory unto Thee ;
 Thy work the Garden, where man's footsteps trod
 Or ere the Serpent's trail across the lea.

Then let my soul Thy glory share :
 The race is keen but yonder is the prize,
 Fight not as one that vainly beats the air,
 Lo, all is done beneath the Master's eyes !

XXV.

Sexagesima Sunday.

THE ONE SIN.

"By one man sin entered into the world."

O H, who can rightly tell the pain
 Of Sin, which haunts the after-years of man,
 Some sin, which seemed when fresh but light and vain
 Its horror now we cannot bear to scan !

Lord, grant me grace to turn from years
When all the seed fell fruitless on the soil ;
My heart the wayside worn with human tears,
Or rock, from which the good would but recoil !

Yet through all peril safely brought,
I needs must glory—glory give to Thee ;
Yea, for the journeyings oft with danger fraught,
All that concerns mine own infirmity.

So may I reach again the bliss
Long lost, shut off by towering cherubim ;
The Fruit of life (Thy Promise) no more miss,
Since Thou hast made sin's memory grow dim !

XXVI.

Quinquagesima Sunday.*CHARITY.*

“The greatest of these is Charity.”

WHAT word of praise is on my lips
By wayside sitting, as in days gone by,
Like one who sea-wards gazing marks the ships
Go sailing down life's current gallantly !

O Charity, can aught devise
A name so grateful to my wearied ear,
The world cannot be only tears and sighs
Whilst thy sweet look and image hovers near !

The bond of perfectness and peace,
Without which other virtues pale their glow,
Who would not feel that here dark care shall cease,
The angry wind and tempest cease to blow !

Arise ! my soul, the Saviour bids
The multitude to bring thee unto Him ;
Confess thy nakedness—ask thine eyelids
Be openèd—made sound in every limb !

XXVII.

St. Matthias' Day.*FALSE AND TRUE.*

"His bishoprick let another take."

I NTO the traitor's place
Choose ye another,
One who will love his race,
Be a true brother :
Not growing vanquishèd
By darkling despair,
Not being publishèd
Sold in Satan's snare !

Is the yoke difficult,
Grievous the burden,
Binding the soul by belt—
Toil without guerdon :
Is the Lord thankless now,
His service in vain ;
Is only distress now
Our portion and pain ?

"Come unto Me," He saith,
"Come when the hour
Leading onward to death,
Burns with new power ;

Rest for the long laden
In labour or heat ;
For manhood or maiden,
For lame or for fleet !”

“ Easy My yoke to bear,
Light is My burden,
If but the soul repair—
Its only guerdon—
Lowly in worthiness
To Me for repose,
Leaving its earthliness
Where lieth its woes !”

Into the vacant place,
Choose then the steadfast,
Leave not the traitor's trace,
Hold not the dead fast :
So will we worship Thee,
Our Lord and our Christ ;
So shall we not slip Thee
Our Lord, the all-prized !

XXVIII.

*Ash Wednesday.**CONTRITION.*

“ Turn ye, even to Me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.”

HOW shall I perfect what my heart knows well,
Is long-wept sorrow for the evil done,
So now the pangs of grief within me quell,
That pain which robs the day-light of its sun,

And drives me forth in desert homes to dwell,
 Nor lets me once its ghostly presence shun—
 And win again that perfect peace and rest
 Which He, the Un-hating One, doth give, as best !
 As David did of old, then must I too,
 Before the Lord, my loathsome sin display,
 Nor hide from self the grievous debt now due
 Of reparation, which no sum could pay,
 If strictness took a whole and full review :
 Yet, O High Priest, the Holy Victim slay—
 Thyself both Priest and Victim dread—for me,
 So shall the contrite heart accepted be !

XXIX.

First Sunday in Lent.*THE PERSONALITY OF THE EVIL ONE.*

“ Approving ourselves by the armour of righteousness.”

NO shadowy form of evil strikes the soul,
 But real and palpable on night's dark wing,
 The evil one takes shape—soon then to fling
 His armèd strength to thrust me from life's goal !

I feel the Tempter's power where'er I turn,
 In moments of distress, or danger's place,
 Or as the glories of the world I trace
 The Tempter's mark is seen on leaf and fern.

Yet why despair to quench his angry dart,
 Thy armour lieth ready for thy use ;
 Think not with evil then some hollow truce
 To make—bear thee as with a warrior's heart !

So, Lord, did'st Thou Thyself once undergo
The pangs and dread of evil to be done,
Yet not o'ercame, unlike in this, to none
Who taste and drink the Accuser's cup of woe !

XXX.

*Second Sunday in Lent.**TEMPTATION FROM WITHIN*

" Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust
and enticed."

NOT only evil in its outward form,
The strong one, resolute in his designs ;
But lo, within the well-defended lines,
The Traitor lurks, nursed in my bosom warm.

And Lust it is that ever draweth on,
And prays the will a little space consent ;
Ah, soon, when it has worked its deadly bent,
Will peace and rest be as of things bygone !

Then pray the Lord to strengthen now thy will—
His will thy holiness in soul and frame ;
Not that which bringeth living pain and shame,
But by resistance to disarm the ill.

Yet never free from ill while life shall last,
Nor should we look to wholly overcome
Desire—and make its angry pleading dumb :
Only, dear Lord, Thy chains about it cast !

XXXI.

Third Sunday in Lent.

TEMPTATION FROM THE WORLD.

"Be not ye therefore partakers with them."

WHY need I fear the world and its alarms,
 May I not move therein and safely blend
 Its varying harmonies—so not offend,
 Nor sink in helplessness, in Sin's strong arms !
 Yet, think thee of the primal tempting scene,
 And Eve's declension from the path of truth :
 "As gods who know both good and ill in sooth,
 This ye shall be—no harm shall intervene !"
 But Thou, dear Lord, would'st seek to guard from ill
 The spirit, weak and frail ; its weakness great
 Alone Thou knowest—all its actual state
 Is viewed by Thee, though hidden in self-will :
 Therefore, no fellowship desire with aught
 Of works, Beelzebub (this Thy demand)
 Doth rightly own—avoid the grievous band
 Of evil ones, who are with danger fraught !

XXXII.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"And Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life : he that cometh to Me shall never hunger."

AS children stand before the earthly state,
 Of parents loved and honoured for their worth
 And in their presence fear no time of dearth,
 That home and peaceful hearth may desolate.

So, Lord, before Thee we would stand and gaze
With trustful eye, nor turn aside with fear,
But holding every lineament most dear,
And bidding to our lips the words of praise.

In Thy great love, O let us ever grow,
The years will all the promise then unfold ;
The time be time of love, as once foretold,
When now on forefront shone the deep Cross-
glow.

Only, Thy strength is needed this to be,
Thy food the stay of souls that else all weak,
Refreshment in Thy Body we must seek,
And Blood—so live, yea transcendently !

XXXIII.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

ATONEMENT.

"And for this cause (on account of the virtue of His Blood) He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of Death (sacrificial death) for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first Testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance."

THREEFOLD the offering claimed by God
from man,
When first the covenant and league was made,
Whereby our sin on other life was laid,
And God, now reconciled, removed Death's ban.

Man's self in whole Burnt-offering we trace
 Man's body, soul and mind—yea, all he is :
 Peace-offering tells of pardon that is His,
 Around our sin-stained souls a halo throne of grace.

And He, Sin-bearer, offering made for me :
 That self, Who spake "of you who now can prove
 The evil act against the Son of Love"—
 His Blood the symbol of the Life to be.

O great High-Priest, the pledge of things to come,
 Not idly have we trusted all Thy Deed,
 Our title of inheritance we read
 The endless joy—O who can note its sum !

XXXIV.

*Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin
 Mary.*

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

"The Angel Gabriel"

FROM God, on earliest ray of morn,
 Across the wide, illimitable deep,
 Where spirit moved with might ere earth was born,
 And roused the face of waters from its sleep

O strength of God, O Gabriel,
 Thou speedest on thy way with outstretched wing:
 Sent forth from God, with man on earth to dwell,
 Or swift thy stay, but one brief communing !

I read thy message clearly writ,
No more my soul will soar in dim despair,
For man to God through endless age is knit,
His nature all with God's is made to share !

Yea this, O Messenger Divine,
Thou broughtest to the city in the hills ;
May Mary's prayer and joyful song be mine,
Its strains re-echoed by the mountain rills.

XXXV.

Sunday next before Easter.

CHRIST-LIKE.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

WE enter, Lord, on this Thy sacred week,
That time of great humility and love
Now shown to mortal men in guise most meek,
Thou who wast Heir to the whole sphere above
And starry heights of Heaven—O Lord of Love !
Yea, then in silence let our hearts await
Thy entrance on that week of toil so great !

In meekness Thou dost as a conqueror come :
So, too, when now the steep ascent of pain
Was crowned, and all around Thee rose the hum
Of voices speaking forth their loud disdain—
Filling the air with their loud-tongued refrain—
"He saved others—self He cannot SAVE,"
Then Thy strong Love did their forgiveness crave.

“They know not what they do !” O great excuse
 Of mercy pleading 'gainst the sinner's doom
 Thou would'st the soul from pain of sin unloose
 And give it all Thy Favour in its room !
 Then learn my soul the lesson from the tomb
 Of hopes, borne hence through anger's zeal and
 pride,
 As Christ, be Christ-like—for no more provide.

XXXVI.

*Monday before Easter.**ALONE.*

“I have trodden the winepress alone.”

O MAN of many sorrows ! This the chief
 That in Thy travail for our sin-stained souls,
 And deep acquaintance made with ways of grief,
 No human foot could stand where Duty rolls
 Its wave on wave to Time's great shoals—
 Alone, no other strength and arm but Thine
 Could do, and execute the plan divine.

Alone, amid the concourse and the crowd
 Where men went speeding, hurrying to and fro,
 As in the desert where the torrent loud
 Its voice would mingle with the tempest's blow,
 Making the Spirit to its Maker grow,
 Thou lived'st—nor could'st Thy Being fitly share,
 Though pressed with all the load of human care !

And pang of loneliness Thou, too, must feel
The first of thoughts when turning now away
Thy vision from the earth to God most real,
When on the Cross thy human nature lay
Awhile, triumphant in its weakness' day!
Alone! the word fulfilled, the Type to be
My Saviour, here most like in this to me!

XXXVII.

Tuesday before Easter.*LYING DOWN IN SORROW.*

"This shall ye have of mine hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow."

I THIRST! O word of Agony supreme
Now bursting from the Saviour's parched desire:
Around His darkened brow no fitful gleam
Of Light from Heaven doth play, nor sound of lyre,
Nor voices soothing of celestial choir!
Sorrow must do its whole and perfect act,
O come not Resignation nigher
Till all that holy Frame with pain be racked:
So shall the Soul's Redemption be the deed and
fact.

O Lord, Thy thirst communicate to me,
Not Pleasure's cloying, deadly drink of Wine
Will then have power to draw my soul from Thee:
O let me for Thy sweetness daily pine,
Nor be at rest till Thy whole self be mine!

As pants the hart for water-brooks afar,
 So wearied with the chase would I recline
 Thy graciousness upon—and feel no bar
 Totasteandsee that Goodness none can wholly mar!

XXXVIII.

Wednesday before Easter.*PUTTING AWAY SIN.*

“Now hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of
 Himself.

NO sin so great, but Christ hath it away
 Dismissed to dark oblivion, and the grave
 Where it lies buried far from light of day;
 Yet this not lightly gained, the power to save!
 We in the waters of the fountain lave,
 And cleansèd from our dismal foulness rise,
 Nor for our healing now must lowly crave,
 Yet hardly can we set before our eyes
 The height and depth of love of His one Sacrifice!

Yet this I know, O holy Victim dread,
 Thy Blood hath power to charm my sin from me;
 Thy Blood in Sacrifice was freely shed
 That I might live in grace and ecstasy!
 O let me ever close and near Thee be,
 Thy Cross the central object of my sight,
 My only thought in Paradise with Thee
 To rest and dwell—no danger will affright
 Since Thou hast made the grave and shadowy
 darkness light!

XXXIX.

Thursday before Easter.

HOLY COMMUNION.

"Take, eat, this is My body which is broken for you."

A MID the lurid wastes of desert sand,
The palm-trees' shade is gladdening to the
eye,
Awhile the traveller through the weary land
May rest and in its waving shadow lie :
So Lord, across the stream now running high
Of Passion, and the heated vale of Tears
Thy voice, to those who cease not to stand
nigh
Thy Cross, will come dispelling human fears,
And bringing consolation for the after years !

Thou giv'st Thy Body to be food and stay
For souls, all hungered with their toilsome
quest,
That quest for land which in the future lay
As sun set daily glowing in the west :
Still, Lord, in love and wisdom what is best
Thou dost for us ; "Take, eat ; or else too great
The journey prove unto thy place of rest."
Here then our souls their strength may renovate,
As we in faith and lowliness Thy Presence wait.

XL.

Good Friday.

DEATH.

"Then said I, lo I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do Thy will, O God."

LO, I come! yea now in Thy dear Hands
 O Father, all my Being meekly stands
 Nor now remains distress
 Of Pain or toil, or weary waiting here,
 Save only that Thy Spirit hovers near
 Staying in love to bless!

"Thy will be done"! so, Lord, this prayer of
 Thine
 May fitly fall in Death from lips of mine,
 O Rest earth not bestoweth:
 Sin offering and sacrifice can give
 No pleasure sure unless to Thee I live,
 Thy love the way now showeth!

One Lord, one fold, all living unto Thee,
 So men their oneness, in Thy Death shall see;
 May they their treasure cherish;
 Ere night shall close with darkening shadows
 round,
 Ere lips shall falter, "I no grace have found,"
 And souls in darkness perish!

XLI.

Easter Even.*THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN.*

“And in the garden a new Sepulchre.”

ALL, all is o'er : Thy Spirit now hath fled,
And where the shadowy souls of men are led
By fourfold flowing stream,
Or in the deep abodes of spirit woe
Where hapless souls their prison anguish know
Thou roam'st of Light a gleam !

O grave and gate of Death, can'st thou o'ercome
The Spirit's might and make its music dumb,
Then dark the resting-place :
The flowers no more will bloom about the tomb,
Nor life hereafter issue from the womb
Of wild and weary space.

Yet through the gate of Death to Hope beyond ;
Thy tomb, O Lord, to this the seal and bond
In garden hewed and placed ;
Amid the flowers of spring, with spices rare,
They lay Thy sacred Form : yea, Woman's care,
Death's terror hath erased.

XLII.

*Easter-Day.**RESURRECTION.*

“ But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping.”

“ **W**HY weepest thou beside the empty tomb
Of Him all loved ;
He is not here, but risen with the bloom
Of Life un-moved ?”
O woman, thou must seek thy Lord indeed,
Far from these darksome glades where death doth
lead.
Yea, now in light,
In depth and height,
His Presence passeth on with speed.

“ But near the Tomb let me awhile abide,
So shall He bless ;
This last request, I will not be denied,
So Him confess ;”
O Mary, strange that Form that near thee stands,
How near, yet now withholden from thy hands :
The Name alone,
Shall make thee known,
Thy vision waft to distant lands !

XLIII.

Monday in **E**aster-**W**eek.*WITNESSES.*

"Unto witnesses chosen."

THE evening shadows lengthen on our way,
Why need we fear?
The day of peace is sinking now away,
Nor starts the tear.
For as we journey to our distant place,
Close at our side draws near His Form of grace;
And by and by,
In mystery,
Shall we behold Him face to Face.
A little while must we His Witness hear,
And rest in Faith,
While all the Past is opened to our ear,
What prophet saith:
O hearts, that burned along the toilsome way,
Mute witnesses, whose eyes were holden, aye,
Go, now, in turn,
In deep concern,
His message widely speak and say!

XLIV.

Tuesday in **E**aster-**W**eek.*FORGIVENESS.*

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."

THE doors are shut, the hour is later now,
And still the night;
The stars shine forth with myriad-clustered glow,
Awhile 'tis bright:

Within, in whisper-wise the word is passed,
 "The Lord is risen indeed"—fulfilled at last
 The word divine,
 Lo, here the sign,
 He o'er the unknown future cast !

Then, in their midst, O Lord, Thy Presence stood,
 Thy Fleshly Form,
 Nor e'er refused the test their senses would
 Desire to form.
 Yea, more, Thy Love went forth their hearts to greet,
 One gospel in their hearts for aye to beat ;
 "Forgive, forgive,
 Arise, and live,
 Let tongues thy witness loud repeat !"

XLV.

First Sunday after Easter.

PEACE.

'Peace be unto you.'

WHENCE comes that Peace the Christian soul
 possesseth,
 That calm which o'er his nature ever flows ?
 Its secret sweet the world but dimly guesseth,
 Nor how it grows !

Oh, turn we to that earliest benediction,
 The Saviour's word to hearts in doubt and gloom
 When closely gathered in their deep affliction,
 They wept, the tomb.

In that lone hour they knew Thy Presence holy,
Though darkling fear awhile their soul dismayed,
As kept Thy Promise to the meek and lowly,
In light or shade.

And at Thy word of Peace, all ceased their anguish,
Waiting to hear Thy new and strange behests,
This knowing, Duty would not let them languish
As idle guests.

"Lo, send I you," a work which ever groweth,
Nor now remains a time of vain regret,
O brace your minds, as He His Body showeth
Work out your debt !

XLVI.

*Second Sunday after Easter.**THE GOOD SHEPHERD.*

"And I lay down My life for the sheep."

WHERE flows the still and silent stream for
ever,
Through grassy plain, and past the pleasant meads,
Where pressing want and need obtrudeth never,
The Shepherd leads !

In all my pains, and weary soul-distresses,
The lesser griefs that lead to greater woes ;
These tender firstlings of the flock He blesses,
Their pangs He knows.

When howl the winds of angry storm around me,
And shelter scarce my soul would seek with zeal—
His loving care in beating blast hath found me—
His word shall heal.

And when from home and kindred, ah, in error,
 My feet have strayed in ways nor pure nor meek,
 When now on darkened mind upstarts Sin's terror,
 The Lord will seek !

O Shepherd, known to us in Thy perfections,
 Yet more than these Thyself art to our hearts,
 Thy life is all—e'en while we grasp but sections,
 And see but parts !

XLVII.

Third Sunday after Easter.*SORROW AND JOY.*

"And ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see you again
 and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

THE Bride of Christ in shrouded care is resting,
 Her Loss she weeps—to sit apart her lot ;
 And now the world is passing by with jesting—
 She heeds it not.

Yet soon the city roaming o'er with sadness,
 Could she but find Him whom her soul doth love ;
 Then all her loss would vanish into gladness—
 As erst the Dove !

A little while with footsteps worn and weary
 Must she her fruitless search and way pursue ;
 Then from the night the Voice Divine thus cheery
 "Thy strength renew.

"For but a little space, and lo with blessing
 I come as in the sweet-remembered time ;
 O what the travail thou art now confessing,
 To yon sublime !"

As free, so Christ would mingle joy with sorrow,
Nor let the joy its perfect work fulfil ;
Beyond the evening's shade His Light to-morrow
Will change the ill !

XLVIII.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

UNCHANGEABLENESS.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

FATHER of Lights ! Thou Sun of risen
splendour,
Whose beams across my shadowed heart are
thrown,
I look to Thee, with longing gaze and tender,
Not now unknown !

For still Thy footstep tarrieth on the mountain,
Though age to age is swiftly added on ;
A-near the sky we seek the Source and Fountain—
There Sun hath shone,

Whilst earth below in twilight hour is sleeping,
Nor dreams of peak and height beyond its own
E'en as the Day comes slowly onward creeping,
With Thee alone !

O God, I gaze upon Thy gifts eternal,
The source of joys, unspeakable and true ;
Yea, what are earth's delights to things supernal,
And Thy full view !

May heart and soul be fixed on His dear praises—
 No other name but His my soul shall bless,
 For earth has changes manifold, yet raises
 No hope but this !

XLIX.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

DARK UTTERANCES.

“These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs: the time cometh when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father.”

THOU bid'st us ask, O Lord, with no mean
 measure,
 All that our souls in time of trial shall need ;
 Thou giv'st out of the largeness of Thy treasure—
 Thy Love the deed !

Not dark the utterance that the heart now frameth,
 For all Thy love is manifest in sight ;
 Yet hear we still at times the voice that blameth,
 As Prayer takes flight.

Ah, nothing, Lord, have we in measure surely,
 Asked as of One, who giveth all in all,
 Could we but lift our hearts and hands thus purely,
 No Prayer would pall !

Yet long we too for Day of perfect brightness,
 When mist shall be for ever cleared away ;
 Then clad in garments of celestial whiteness,
 Our lips will pray !

As doers of Thy Word—my soul this glory
And blessedness of deed, must seek to reach ;
Aught else is dark, while thus we read life's story,
And speak its speech !

L.

Song for Rogation-tide.

HE causeth the grass on the hills to grow,
And herb for the service of man,
For the wintry wind hath ceased to blow,
And the summer of life hath begun ;
Unto labour go forth till night shall come,
And the voices of nature rest silent and dumb.

He watereth the hills from His chambers high,
As traced on the cloud is the track
Of His chariot-wheel that hurries by,
When the storm looms dark and black :
With the fruit of Thy works the earth is full,
As Heaven Thy Throne, so earth Thy stool !

He toucheth the hills, and troubled and sad
Is the form now of nature—a space
Do men say hath He His glory forbade
That the more they may love its new face ;
But the Lord shall rejoice in all His works,
E'en in change and decay His glory lurks !

E

LI.

St. Mark's Day.

THE VARYING GRACE.

"And some Evangelists."

SYMBOLS mystic seer hath seen
 Of the powers that ever
 Worship, mid the emerald green
 By the crystal river :
 Flying eagle, calf and face,
 Strength of lion—human grace.

Each its own seraphic speech
 Speaks to souls now listening,
 As the strains of song upreach
 From the waters glistening :
 Holy, holy, is their cry,
 Dread Creator, Lord Most High.

Flying eagle tells of mind
 Which the Heavens scaleth ;
 Calf the Blood of Victim blind
 Whose dear Death availeth—
 Cleansing thought from sin set free,
 Joined with Mind which flies to Thee.

And the Watchman's placid eye,
 Looking forth in sorrow ;
 Human feature, human sigh,
 Human call to follow
 Him in whom the ages meet,
 In whose Face is love most sweet.

Ah, one symbol yet we see :
Royal that look now glancing,
Earth and Heaven here agree,
O the sight entrancing :
God and man in mystery bold
Seen as one : on earth fourfold !

Some will love the golden day,
Which the Lord bestoweth,
Gathering, yea, in work or play,
What the Sower soweth :
Prophets, Teachers, Pastors all,
As the Lord hath made befall.

But beyond the passing mood,
Toilsome way or weary,
Sunlight now—now lack of food,
Loss of hope so cheery—
Looms the figure dread of Him,
Light betwixt the cherubim.

O my Saviour, Thee I claim,
Child at heart in gaining
Knowledge of the living flame—
Turn not in disdain—
For Thy stature grows apace,
Measure perfect, fulness, grace !

“ Child of old, tossed to and fro,”
This the word He speaketh,
“ Be not like the blast doth blow—
O'er the plain it shrieketh :
But be bold, in courage strong,
Time from Me will not be long.”

" Varying are the gifts I give,
Varying as the flowers,
Which on earth but briefly live,
Decking earth's frail bowers :
Beauty, grace, and heavenly love,
Bloom as gifts from Heaven above."

" And to every man is given,
Grace to live for duty,
Gifts of spirit, one yet seven
Gifts that meet in beauty :
Mine the Measure, mine the Truth,
Changing, working all in sooth."

Lord, established be Thy Word,
Lion-like I proffer
Heart of flesh, Thou bid'st to gird,
Just as I can offer
Ah, my fainting heart knows well,
Brightest hopes, how soon their knell !

Yet Thy captive I would be,
Gain the glorious guerdon ;
Grace in sweet humility,
Bearing long the burden
Of my pride and swelling heart,
Tearing Thee and me apart.

" Martyr ! " now His word is changed,
" Martyr, toiling, weeping,
'Gainst thee though the world is ranged,
Thou art in My keeping :
And in love I'll bring thee home,
Never more from Me to roam."

“ What is Passion's briefer hour,
Pain and Passion lasting
'Till the sun in sultry power—
See its rays o'ercasting—
Sinks beneath the tideless sea,
Daylight dying calm to Me.”

O my Vine, true Vine and joy,
Joy that now abideth,
Vine whose fruit can never cloy,
While the heart He hideth ;
Where as Branch in Him it grows,
As through Him its Sap o'erflows !

Every branch that beareth fruit,
Not away He taketh,
Fitly formed for growth and suit,
So much fruit it maketh :
More and more rich Branch I ask,
This to be my only task.

* * * * *

Where the sunlit waters splash
Base of shining city,*
Where the streets in noiseless clash,
Echo as with ditty
Of the passers-by in peace,
Claiming strife of mart to cease.

Where the lordly works of art
Rise in stately splendour,
Witnessing to grander part,
Grander lot or tender,
Which the Lord bestows on man,
So that he great deeds may scan.

There St. Mark hath found a name :
He the servant wholly—
Lesser place to those who came,
With the gospel holy,
Filled that so with joy and pride,
Near his Lord he might abide.

There in sunlight stands the Fane,
Stone with stone rejoicing ;
Beat upon by storm and rain,
None the less rejoicing ;
For in love the artist strove—
Time, O time, now gently rove !

LII.

St. Philip and St. James' Day.*THE HEAVENLY ABODE.*

" In my Father's House are many mansions."

LACK we some gift of God, whose need
Is ever present to our minds ;
A want of zeal in word or deed,
As stream through woodland slowly winds ;

Or resolution, stern and high,
The anchor-cable of our bark :
Yea, God will work equality,
By gain and loss, or light and dark.

The " Father's House " stands open wide,
The many-mansioned seats of bliss :
Each heart in peace may there abide,
Nor know of lack, nor thought remiss :
O ask not, then, to know the way,
The idle question of the hour,
For step by step and day by day,
He onward points, ere falls the flower !

Apostles twain on May-morn joined
In holy bands of intercourse ;
Thy virtues, not as newly coined—
The world, and lower self their source :
But from the first, the path of gain,
Is won by wavering not in trust,
Nor yet unbending, as if vain,
To reap the fruits of pride and lust !

Yet, lest in hour of boldness great,
The gifts of God by saints be claimed,
And man in weakness seek to mate
With Might divine, and Strength far famed :
Thus hath each saint his own chief grace,
And work to perfect from the past :
Herein is joy : each has his place,
And God abundance reaps at last !

LIII.

Ascension Day.

ASCENSION TO GLORY.

“ So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.”

YET, once again, our earthly eyes shall fill
 With that sweet Presence of the Father's will,
 The morning sun now shining ;
 Upheld those sacred Hands as if to bless,
 And bring again the reign of righteousness,
 For which our hearts were pining.

Then slowly heavenward, lose we Thy dear sight,
 We gazing on Thy Form, so dazzling bright,
 Our souls all filled with wonder ;
 A moment here—the cloud then shuts the Heaven
 From mortal gaze, till He to us is given,
 As now He parts asunder.

Yet not alone our widowed hearts must wait
 The tarrying of Thy Promise—soon or late,
 His yearning will receive us :
 What mean these ministers in vesture white,
 As side by side they stand in heavenly light,
 His presence will not leave us !

LIV.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

SOBRIETY.

"The end of all things is at hand—be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."

THE age draws to its end : but from its death
There springs the newer, later time, whose
breath

Is born from Womb of Past :
So in God's plan each cycle takes its place,
That in each age God's likeness man may trace
From First to lingering Last !

And ever thus His triumph is foretold,
So that His boundless nature grows not old,
Unlike to man's decay—
Each grace and passing pleasure of the hour,
Each sweet remembrance graved on fading flower,
Tells of a brighter day.

With watchfulness do thou, my soul, then wait
'Till Christ shall come unto thy earthly state,
In triumph from above :
So let Sobriety thy mind enchain,
As nearer grows to Faith the promise plain,
To reign with Him above !

LV.

VAlhitsuun-Day.

THE FINAL DISPENSATION.

"Thy loving Spirit."

"NOT comfortless !" O Promise now revealed
Of Light and Love on Pentecost's great day :
Lo, o'er the troubled heart is cast the shield
Of Ghostly Power, which henceforth's to sway
The inner man, while lasts Life's fearful fray !

O wind of God ! mute token of His Strength,
Whose birth was with the restless, whirling cloud
That bounds His dwelling - place in space and
length—
Through gorge and chasm vast thou sweep'st
aloud—
'Till all this earthly house be filled as vowed.

Nor rushing, mighty wind alone—His voice !
His thunder-roll !—but fiery tongues as well,
So that man's heart might ever more rejoice,
And own the magic of that potent spell
Which bids God's spirit here with us to dwell.

O Loving Spirit, lead me forth I pray,
To land where Right and Peace together meet ;
The Master's promise "He shall ever stay
And be in you"—O word I now repeat,
As to my tongue there grows the thought most
sweet !

LVI.

Monday in ~~XX~~Whitsun-week.

GIFTS.

"The gift of the Holy Ghost."

GOD'S gifts are not restrained in their use
To age, nor time, nor narrowing thought of
man ;

But wheresover Want doth all unloose
Its sighs and tears in hope of Heaven's plan—
There God's great gifts are offered unto man.

"Above," their Source—the Father, He whose will
Formed for His Fame the fairest things of earth ;
We take our stand in valley or on hill—
Alike the sights of nature sing the worth
Of Him, who gave them life and birth !

How will His Word, then, speak to listening hearts,
As now His Spirit fills their inmost frame,
"Be not unmindful of the useful parts,
These gifts of God from willing servants claim,
Bringing true honour to His all-feared Name !"

And more than all the diverse gifts to each,
More than each heart can rightly use and own,
Is chief and best of gifts ; man's soul to teach
The triune knowledge—Father, Spirit, Son—
How God and man hereby unchangeably are
one !

LVII.

Tuesday in ~~W~~hitsun-week.

POWER.

“Then laid they their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost.”

THEY asked for knowledge, yea to know in truth
The times and seasons, which in His own
Power

The Father long hath kept, and this in ruth
And pity, lest such knowledge ill should dower
With what in man is born but of the hour !

With tears they asked, and longing for the day
Of restoration and of joy fulfilled :
Their Lord and Master now in their survey,
As sun shines clear—their minds no more self-
willed—
Yet high above, the Cloud with Dread instilled !

O great denial, then, the searching heart
Was doomed to meet and know ; yet balm most
rare

Had He to heal, where other skill no part
Could play : “Ye shall receive of strength a share
Since Light in fulness lingers not in air !”

Not knowledge : but the “Holy Ghost shall come,”
Yea, Prayer and Strong desire will surely bring
The Spirit's flame within the hearts of some,
And Labour sweet will o'er our nature fling
Its zest, for “Strong to Labour,” is the song we
sing !

LVIII.

St. Barnabas the Apostle.*THE SON OF CONSOLATION.*

"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

O SON of consolation, wealth was thine
And means to work for God with loving zeal !
Thou gavest largely of thyself as sign
That will and wealth must blend in power to heal.
This thine especial gift ; and gracious form
Which spake the might of Holy Ghost in thee :
And Faith's expansive look beyond the Storm
And lesser strifes which break upon life's sea !
Thy epitaph "the Good," so saints will write
When turning fondly from thy gifts to thee.
Mid keen desire of world for fortune's might,
'Tis sweet to bend with thee on lowly knee,
And look to God—and gain His greatest gift—
Mankind above their sorrows then to lift !

LIX.

Trinity Sunday.*WORSHIP OF THE TRI-UNITY.*

"After this, I looked, and behold, a door was opened in Heaven."

THE former things in dream had passed away,
The vision sweet of Him alone, as Ray
Of brightest Light on outer dark doth play ;
And now beyond all realm of sense, I view,
Looking with eye so strange on yonder hue
Of Heaven, which opes to manhood's full review.

O Throne, whereon the One in mystery sat,
Before whose might the countless thousands wait,
As rise their strains of joy and praise so great !

Thine emerald tells of dread eternity—
Of Life, which ever springeth full and free,
The bow around the Throne—then meets the sea ;

And jasper stone and sardine,—flame and light :
O here, the Son's great symbol now in sight
Thus joined with Spirit's work to perfect quite.

This lifted up that I may look and know,
Not merely live with dim perception's glow,
Nor listless heed as passing wind doth blow !

O unity ! and worship to be paid !
Within my soul Thine image He hath made :
Then live, as if before the Throne, so laid !

LX.

First Sunday after Trinity.

LOVE.

"We love Him because He first loved us."

SELF-LOVE o'er all my nature so hath reigned,
That other love in pride hath been disdained,
Centring desire on life, as one not pained

With woe, which lieth near in loathsome state—
The beggar at the rich man's golden gate ;
O pride and wretchedness thus ill to mate !

Yet one in love gave Life and love for me,
Sent forth from Father's bosom this to be ;
The type of Love, and great reality !

" He loved us," His nature here expressed,
Nor stayed that man might offer of his best,
And love repay : yet asked in love one test,

That man should love his brother in distress,
As mark of one who lives for righteousness—
O lips that now thus meekly God will bless !

Beyond the veil, the end is reached at last ;
Self-love and ease—their fleeting hour is past,
Torment and thirst now rage with heating blast !

O shaded grove of Paradise the blest,
The streaming sun-light lightens o'er the west,
And life is love, for God hath made all best !

LXI.

Second Sunday after Trinity.*THE NUPTIAL FEAST.*

" A certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready, and they all with one consent began to make excuse."

O HAPPY he, who day by day, shall eat
Within the Kingdom at His Master's feet
The Bread of Heaven—food and stay so sweet !

His great delight the poor, the maimed, the blind
As fellow guests—no recompense of kind
To seek : only how best in one to bind !"

Ah guest, thy answer to the Stranger's tale
Told of a faith untried, nor looked to fail ;
As bark on smoothest ocean, so would sail.

Yet other lesson home must come to Thee,
No course lies ever on a surgeless sea,
Nor life is lived in fullest liberty !

" I pray excuse : " so runs the answer each
Returns from self, as doth His Lord beseech :
So thus unwillingness of Pride they teach ;

Or busy Toil, no time to give for good,
Other than forward helps their daily food,
To manhood lost, so too to womanhood !

And guilty Pleasure, more than all,
O doom these faithless ones must meet and call
From Love their Lord—now Love is turned to gall !

LXII.

*Third Sunday after Trinity.**LOST AND FOUND.*

" And when He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing."

A STRAY from God, in wayward path or dark—
Self-chosen lusts, which urge me from the ark
Or tempt to pass the limits of His mark !

The Fold secure ; why stayed I not at ease—
Content to rest beneath the shade of Trees,
As fanned their foliage by the Living Breeze ?

O pride of life ! Is this thy sure reward ?
Satiety—an ever-growing hoard
Of Care, which hangs o'er pleasure, as the sword

Which soon or late, with swift-descending might
Must speed its stroke in darkness or in light,
Not recking of the Pain 'twill bring to sight ?

Ah, happy yet if One, who standeth near,
Thy midnight cry for succour faintly hear,
When lost in tangled brake or desert drear !

Will He not find ? Yea, now, His Hand o'ertakes
The trembling soul, which in His Presence quakes,
All-fearing, lest Reproof no pardon makes !

But thanks : His shoulder bears the wanderer home,
No more in desert-path for aye to roam,
Lo, here rejoicing—there the Demon's foam !

LXIII.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

THE VANITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

"The creature was made subject to vanity."

ONE law binds fast the works of God in one,
A law which God's intent hath all undone,
Since Love determined earth—sky, sea and sun !

A bondage more than human toil and pain ;
A longing ever to destroy Death's bane,
Mingled with fear of Death's loud-tongued disdain.

Yea, Vanity, thine impress void and waste
Followed on work of Love with eager haste,
Ere man his bliss could fully know and taste !

Subject to this, what could man do but hope—
Ill-matched with sin and ill to fitly cope—
And wait, till newer age once more should ope,

And bring the times of restitution dear,
The golden age pourtrayed by wondering seer—
Ah, what if—earth not knowing—it be near !

O praise, my soul, for beauty and for grace,
Left still as witness of the Father's face
In world, which else would claim it in His place !

Yea, every sign of loveliness we see
Is type of higher loveliness to be,
When earth meets Heaven in God's eternity !

LXIV.

St. John Baptist's Day.

THE PROPHET OF THE HIGHEST.

"Thou child shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest."

MIDMOST point in summer's season,
Day the year doth draw towards,
Witness mute in sweetest reason
Of the saint it now records :

He, like it, as watchman standeth,
Where the mingling waters flow ;
Where the Past and Present blendeth—
Stream whose course must onwards go !

Lo, His voice along the ages
Sounds with strength of desert might
“ Heed the words of wisest sages,
Turn from baser thoughts in flight
See the flower how quickly fading,
In the sultry noon-tide heat ;
See the stream the foot now wading
Once the torrent, whence retreat.

“ Life is frail—whate’er we cherish,
Blooms and blossoms but a day :
This thy care—with Time not perish
Passing with its hours away :
Stern the conflict that is calling,
Prison bars and dwindling sun—
In the shadows, kept from falling,
Be thy prayer, ’till day is done ! ’

So, this Feast in summer's season,
Of the fearless Saint of God,
In whose soul there lived no treason,
Called though desert path to plod—
Mutely tells of Life and beauty,
Springing by the river's flow ;
Speaks of nobler choice of Duty,
True example man to show !

LXV.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

TOILING IN ROWING.

"And He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them."

THE wind athwart—yet we our course must ply,
Though surging sea withhold us from the
shore,
In toiling Hope, 'till Daylight draweth nigh,
And sinks the wave's loud roar !

So toil we on—no thought of Him away,
The storm needs courage, patience all its own ;
Above the thunder-roll, the lightning's play,
The wailing tempest's moan.

Yet He on land, in sight of our distress ;
Why careth not our Master closely near :
O restful Figure, call we Thee to bless
Our strivings in our fear !

And as we pray His Figure glideth past,
As breaks the dawning Ray from darkening Cloud ;
Lo, vision fair of Peace now reached at last,
The storm and tempest cowed !

Ah, thought too frail for truth ! He passeth on,
And trouble takes its place in wondered minds :
How blest thus near His Form to gaze upon,
Yet more, how blest who finds !

He speaks ; and ear is bent to catch the strains
Which echo with the wind's loud roar above :
" Be not afraid, lo, o'er earth's seas and plains,
There rules the God of Love."

Our toil we cease ; the Haven now is reached,
The Past displayed in living Present's glow ;
In calm of morning's hour our bark is beached,
And Time will backward flow.

LXVI.

*St. Peter's Day.**THE ROCK.*

" Upon this Rock I will build My Church."

FROM age to age yon beetling cliffs
Have looked on sky and sea,
The whirling tempests round them played,
The wind swept from the lea :
Yet still, as when from God's great Hand
They took their shape and form—
So now they smile in whiteness clad,
Or frown in brooding storm.

" He is the Rock : " O type of old
Of God, all just and true ;
The silent desert hears Thy voice,
As thus He speaks through you !
Unmindful though His children prove
Of Him, who formed their state,
As Rock of Right Thou art the same--
On Him the ages wait !

Not lesser prophet, as was said
 By idle word, or guessed ;
 Our hearts return the truer thought,
 Which Simon has confessed.
 As we believe that answer plain,
 "The Christ, of God the Son,"
 So grows our faith that Powers of Hell
 His Church shall ne'er outrun.

Yet more, O Simon, flesh and blood !
 The shifting sand as thou,
 When in thy earthly state and name—
 Thy weakness on thy brow :
 But Peter, bold, and firm and true,
 Thy name now to declare,
 That out of weakness, thus made strong,
 Would God His Church upbear !

LXVII.

*Sixth Sunday after Trinity.**THE SIGN OF BAPTISM.*

"So many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ."

A SIGN we wear upon our brow
 Which marks us not our own ;
 A sign which mutely tells of vow
 Once made in days unknown.

We wear that sign from childhood's hour
 Through manhood's golden days :
 In times of weakness and of power,
 Amid the changing ways ;

'Till Age is reached with steadfast step,
Or toilsome pace and slow ;
And thought is centred round the Sleep
From whence life's issues flow !

O sign of Purity and Peace
And child-like heart to wear ;
Can worldly ties from thee release,
Or claim to hold a share ?

Not if our souls Thy meaning read,
So writ in symbol plain,
That as in thought, so too in deed
Must we our members train.

Baptized to Him Who is our life,
Our oneness we must prove,
That we to Him, as wedded wife,
Must faithful be in love.

The troubled waters show His death,
We enter in our sin :
We pass through these, the symbol saith,
So His dear life to win.

Thus Resurrection hopes are ours,
And "newness" ever bright,
Life blossoms with the summer flowers
And all our days are light.

Love rooted deep the wild sea breasts
Of worldly sin and care,
We live obeying His behests,
And truer deeds to dare !

We learn His cup of woe to drink
 In garden of His grief ;
 His blood-red Cross is sweetest link
 To bind us in belief.

Thus Faith and Hope and Love abound,
 If we this symbol trust,
 The Cross for brow till life is crowned
 When raised from mortal dust.

And many near their Lord shall stand
 In perfectness of white ;
 Since Death together on Earth's strand,
 Brings purer life to light.

LXVIII.

St. James the Apostle.

THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE.

“ Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with ? ”

K NOWN as one in gospel story,
 Brethren of the fisher's lake,
 Now entwined their wreaths of glory,
 Martyrs true for its dear sake ;
 One in youth's bright toiling hour
 Sailing gaily o'er Life's sea,
 One in days of manhood's power,
 Loving sons of Zebedee !

Nearest place in sweet ambition,
To the Saviour—this the quest :
Here in truth the great fruition,
Which the soul would seek with zest :
Low with words of adoration
Pleads for them a mother's pride,
“ In the Kingdom be their station
Near its crownèd Master's side ! ”

Sad the answer that returneth
From the Lips which knew the Way,
“ Kept this place for him who learneth
Best to heed the Father's sway ;
Not enough in oneness drinking
Must the soul the Cup desire,
Not enough from Pain not shrinking,
There is purpose purer, higher ! ”

So God's choice the way will alter,
Closely twined though hearts have been,
E'en though human spirit falter
Seeking heart on heart to lean :
One must close his manhood's greatness
First Apostle thus to be,
Leaving “ other ” on till lateness
Last in rare fidelity !

LXIX.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

UNSATISFYING FOOD.

“Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?”

MAN seeks for food in desert place and waste,
 In weary wilderness, 'mid briar and thorn,
 Hoping to gather, pleasant to the taste
 Now fruit of earth—now satisfying corn :
 Yet seeks how oft in vain !

Do grapes indeed grow from the wilding thorn
 Which throws its prickly stem across our path :
 Or luscious fruit spring up in way forlorn
 In solitude, apart from home and hearth :
 An antidote to pain ?

Yet fill we all our frame with earth's desires,
 The food of wilderness—the counterfeit
 That's spread unblushingly for human buyers
 To view, and so to grasp its surfeit sweet,
 Nor loathe it in disdain !

But can a man be satisfied with bread
 Other than is sent down as Food from Heaven :
 Earth here by Heaven in love sustained and fed,
 That so Love in requital might be given
 And gain might answer gain ?

O Food Divine, thy goodness none can know
 Till fruit of sin be held of things ashamed :
 The grape doth cluster on the true Vine's bough,
 And sweetness from the Tree of sweetness named,
 Where life learns not to wane !

LXX.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

CHILDREN.

"If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

IS earth the end of life—no greater range
And space, where mind may perfect all its state,
And reach to life that now seems only strange
And ill-conditioned thus with man to mate :
Is higher life there none?

Nay, joy we know—our state is full allied
To God's by closest ties of fellowship
And blood—His children we—with Him abide ;
Our spirit-nature not from His to slip :
But joined with Him as One,

And "heirs," the Spirit-land is ours for aye,
And heights and depths of life beyond our own
To reach—as bird would upwards soar to sky,
And lose its strains in echoes round God's throne :
And feel life then begun.

Yet test there needs in test to be applied
So that the soul may not in likeness be
Deceived—and false appearance lead aside ;
Yea fruit must grow according to its tree :
The Flesh as test undone !

The higher will—else not the bolder thought
That we are God's can fully cherished be ;
Ah, fear lest lips which once in love have sought
The higher life—its beauty never see :
Their day without its sun !

LXXI.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

"The Lord commended the unjust steward because he had done wisely."

TWO worlds—two kingdoms—grace and nature
vast

In man unite, his destiny work out :
Both worlds are God's—the Present and the Past—
His Hand is seen above each fear and doubt
Which lives its own brief day.

In Kingdom twain then He account will make
Of that which man hath had for use or trust :
As stewards—so must we our reckoning take
To Him, who gave us life from earth and dust :
Ah, well to own His sway !

And "waste," his eye for ever rests upon ;
His ear is filled with accusation loud,
Which Time the Accuser of the visage wan,
Doth chant with Privilege in accents proud :
O soul-depressing lay !

"What shall I do?" no reckoning will withstand
The introspection of that searching eye ;
My sin lies countless as the sea-shore sand,
Resolve is weaker than the passing sigh,
Which Time brings into play.

This will I do : so gain my Lord's regard ;
The Past must rest—remorse cannot call back
Its waste and loss—yet is the lesson hard
To learn? give heed, beware of future lack :
"The Past is not," so say.

LXXII.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

"My House shall be called an house of Prayer for all people."

HOW many thoughts meet in God's House of
Prayer,
The human and Divine—the better part
Which seeks o'er man's whole nature sway to bear,
Co-mingled with the sound of world and mart :
Their image here we see.

O type of God's own spirit-work in world !
He dwelleth not in temples made with hands—
Throughout all space and height his strength is
hurled,
Yet centreth near His presence where man stands
In Prayer, or bends the knee !

We are His Temple, too ; the shrine made meet
And fit for His abiding dwelling-place ;
Our hearts in unison with His should beat
That He in us His lineaments may trace :
So kept for holiest plea.

Alas, what portion asks the world away
From what is owed by right to God above :
The world's intrusion sayeth never nay
To thoughts which lead to gain from God of Love ;
Pride, not humility !

Then, as the Lord with earthly temple, so
With scourge and goad, does He man's worldly
mind
Cleanse of its wares, that purer life may grow,
And higher love a readier entrance find—
Not image now, but Thee.

LXXIII.

St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

"Ye are they who have continued with me in my Temptations."

THE child is father of the man,
And life is one, though stages strange
Seem now to separate its plan
And lesser break its vision's range ;
Disciple meek leads on to be,
Or wrestler stern for highest place,
The saint who gives thus faithfully,
His heart to God in zeal and grace.

We know not all that God has wrought
In lives whose outward form we view ;
Beyond the surface calm of port
There beat in strife the waters blue ;
And God has thrown His veil and cloud
O'er days of weakness and of sin,
Lest human hearts should aye be bowed
To Earth in grosser voices' din.

Yet glimpse we catch of other days,
And other name ere God's was borne,
When resting from the noon-tide blaze
Of Pleasure, 'neath the fig-tree's thorn

Though world knew not God's eye was there
 And marked the thought that turned to Him,
 His look cast in the seed that bare
 In after time the fruit not dim.

And evil done is now passed o'er
 By loving Saviour, known like we
 To strengthened state of Tempter's lore
 As urged its pressing, straitening plea ;
 Within His Church our feet are set
 To feast with Him in union's flow,
 The Past of sin is but a debt
 We hope to pay as graces grow.

Only that greater things be seen
 The open Heaven, Angel's thrones
 Which God hath kept in golden sheen
 For such as shun Strife's angry tones,
 Continuance He asks in love
 As link to bind His Church in One,
 His Promise holds until above
 We end all strife in deeds well-done !

LXXIV.

*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.**SELF-RELIANCE: SELF-DISTRUST.*

"This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

BEFORE God's bar of judgment both will plead :
 The saint—or he whom such the world doth
 name

Not making nice distinction—blind or lame,
 It knows not—all in name are such in deed !—

And he, who feels and knows his sin, whose creed
 Is simple faith that God may pardon shame,
 Though justice cry aloud in tones of blame—
 The sinner, mute and bent as bruised reed !
 O God, Thy grace hath made me what I am :
 Shall I then trust in self? Thank thee that not
 As others are in evil, so my lot
 Has been ! Yea, this will lose the greater gift
 Which Thou would'st give—my soul to raise and
 lift
 Above its sin—so cleansed by Blood of Lamb !

LXXV.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.*THE TWO MINISTRATIONS.*

“ For if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth
 the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory.”

O VEILED form of glory born of Light :
 On human face, thy rays but briefly shine,
 Now kindled at the living Altar's line,
 Now fading, brightest glory into night !
 I turn in haste to that exceeding sight
 Of glory on the Open Face ; I pine
 To know its ministration—now all Thine
 Yet mine to be, when Death shall not affright.
 O veil to be removed giving Life !
 In glory was Thy ministration dread
 When seeking from the Lord in desert Bread :
 Shall not my soul the greater glory praise
 Now lying long and sweetly in its rays :
 O Light of glory growing still more rife !

LXXVI.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

PROMISES OBTAINED.

"Who through faith . . . obtained promises,"

SIGHT more than Faith—I plead Thy Promise true,
 Made in the long, dim ages of the past,
 When over darkened way Death's shadow cast
 Its dread presentiment of ill—no clue
 But this, could lead to light of loveliest hue—
 Nor blessedness of faith prove firm and fast
 Whilst passion's angry waves should beat, and Last
 Be first, and Sight loom on our wearied view!
 Not disannulled! Thy Promise still endures,
 And blessed beyond our wayward hopes and fears
 Is the sweet vision of our perfect years.
 Desire hath failed, and Faith alone could guide
 Till changing Age should set us at Thy side
 And sight—O faithful ones—be mine and yours!

LXXVII.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"AND HE WAS A SAMARITAN."

"Were there not ten cleansed?"

OLEPROUS taint of sin within, that rose
 But yesterday in all its olden glee,
 Drawing my soul away from thoughts of Thee
 And leading me afar to stand with those
 Who day and night with parched desire which knows
 No satiableness—fruit of Eden's Tree
 Forbidden, yet devoured—with trembling knee

Moan out their cry to Him who mercy shows !
 How shall I come again Thy feet to kiss !
 No stranger from the far-off Gentile land
 Dreads more than I to hear Thy dire command,
 " Go, show thyself to Him, whose name is Good : "
 Display Thy glory, Lord, speak yet the word
 So shall I reach again Thy realms of bliss !

LXXVIII.

St. Matthew the Apostle.

" FOLLOW ME."

" And as Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him, ' Follow me.' "

YEA, follow Me from " custom's " marts
 Where toils of Flesh the soul doth hold,
 Where gain and loss is played for hearts
 That Christ would to His bosom fold :
 So follow on to purer realms,
 Ere sin of gain the soul o'erwhelms.
 Let not the thought of days long given—
 Life's early hours now passed away
 As youth from age by time is riven—
 To pride of self that loves its day :
 Let not the vision past of sin
 Restrain thy efforts Him to win !
 For this it is He offers thee
 His own sweet smile and radiant form,
 His loving word right royally,
 Which speaks the same in calm or storm :
 He bids thee drink the draught of life
 And on His bosom still the strife.

Then feast with Him in joyous hour
Nor fear the days of dark and shade :
The sky is clear, no cloud can lower
To hide His face and make it fade :
Renounce the hidden things of woe
Since Gospel Light thy way doth show.

So age will come with readier will
To follow whereso'er He leads ;
We leave the waters foaming still
Of world, for greener fields and meads :
Where Age renews its early strength
And days increase in sunnier length !

LXXIX.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.*LIFE AND ITS NECESSARIES.*

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

GAY flowers around our feet
Their gaudy hues all meet
For landscape glowing in the Summer's sun :
On hill-side or on plain
In shady track or lane,
Till Light from Heaven tells the day is done.

Will God not clothe as these
Who live their life at ease,
Nor know of care, nor forethought for the morrow :
Man plods his weary way,
Amid the flowers gay,
And life is taken up with care and sorrow.

Yet Lord, these creatures Thine,
 And birds of air—each sign
 Thou giv'st to man of all Thy love in life—
 Bids man not live for care,
 But as the birds of air,
 So wait on God, nor mar his days with strife.

Thy wants He will supply,
 Rich tokens from on high,
 The necessities thou dost seem to claim—
 For body, soul and mind—
 According to its kind,
 Each now will God bestow : O trust His Name !

Then live as flowers gay,
 And sing thy songs to-day,
 To-morrow's need its anxious thought will take :
 To-morrow toil will be,
 To-day is love for me,
 Why should I fear life better He will make ?

LXXX.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"ARISE."

"Young man, I say unto thee, arise."

BESIDE the open bier,
 As stayed the falling tear,
 Of her, now sending forth to darksome grave
 Her only hope and stay,
 The solace of life's way,
 Whose youthful years she fain for light would save—

There stands the Form of One,
In day of dark as Sun,
To rise with healing power on widowed heart,
Lo, His sweet voice sounds near
Dispelling gloom and fear,
And claiming thus to act the Healer's part !

“ Arise from dust of death,”
Along the ages saith
The Spirit, whispering to the heart of man :
Nor height nor depth can hold,
In chains of prison cold
The eager, soaring frame we feel and scan.

All that we ask or think,
From birth to shadowed brink
Of grave, which yawns before the coming years :
Nay more than mind can tell
Of world unknown and Hell,
Will He now do for man, and stay his tears.

O in Thy Church let me
Be kept in love to Thee,
Then shall I rise to knowledge and to fame :
Beyond the passing state
Wherein we work and wait,
Is higher peace pourtrayed, and holier name !

LXXXI.

St. Michael and All Angels.*THE ANGELIC STATE.*

"The reapers are the Angels."

THE mists of night are falling
Round harvest field and fen,
And twitter song of home-bird,
The red-breast and the wren
Fills now the place of voices
We heard in early spring ;
For reaping time is over,
And days now shadows bring.

O chastened time of sorrow,
O thoughts of spirit-life,
The mist now hiding dearly
The world's loud din and strife :
We pass from earth to Heaven,
By ladder lightly framed,
And Angel-forms are blending
With ours—O not ashamed !

For God the service loveth
Of Spirit-forms in light,
Their joy in man's rejoicing
He setteth in His sight :
No holier strains seraphic
Uprise on Heaven's air,
Than those of joyous pleading,
That man God's life may share.

And so for service fitly
Hath God ordained in strength,
The Angels of His Presence,
Throughout expanse and length :
And knowledge He has granted
According to the deed,
Each has to do for Heaven
With feet of haste and speed.

O Michael, Gabriel, Raphael !
O names we know in pride :
How blessèd is that service
Ye work at wounded side
Of man, who fights for duty,
Resisting all the ill
Of Thrones, Dominions, Powers
Which work out Satan's will.

The warfare we are called to,
The Spirit-strife of woe,
The dash of angry legions,
Advancing as the foe—
Of what is best in creature,
The pure of heart and mind,
Of what God seeketh ever
In soul of man to find.

How can we face the conflict
In armour of our own,
Without the Angels' succour
In battle's pangs alone,
Without the might of Michael,
Who is as God in fight,
Without the strength assuring
Of Gabriel, calm and bright !

Or, when by wayside wounded,
We rest in weary state,
Struck down by pride of Dragon,
Life's sickness soon or late,
Where shall we turn for healing,
The healing God can give,
Except as Raphael tendeth,
And bids us rise and live !

O shadows of God's presence,
Who now before His Face,
Bear witness of His Children,
As kept in love and grace :
On earth the warfare groweth,
Offences needs must come,
But tender care increaseth,
Amid the world's loud hum !

Our Guardian-Angel hovers
O'er ways of pride and sin,
To warn of deadly danger,
That lurks unseen within :
O were our gaze all-purged
That Angel-form to see,
What noisome pest avoided,
Would then our portion be !

Yet God His Angel sendeth,
Though Earthly gaze see not,
Beside the way He stretcheth
His wing o'er home and cot :
And man in peace is resting,
Or journeying on secure
Because of white-winged Angels,
Who danger hide and lure.

And so throughout our journey
Till reaping-time is gained,
And fields with harvest voices
Re-echo, as unstrained
The sounds of joy reach upward,
The joy of end now near,
The joy of reaper entering,
On bliss that knows no tear.

We wait in faith full lowly,
The mists not cleared away,
And twitter songs of home-birds,
In heart and ear always ;
For reaped is blessing only
By trustful one as child ;
Our feet into the kingdom,
Must press by courses mild.

And child-like heart will ever
God's blessing surely win,
And guardian-care of Angels,
From ways of strife and sin :
Since Child-like heart comes nearer
To Angels round the throne,
Who join in holy feeling
Of fellowship and tone !

O Michael, Gabriel, Raphael,
Thy shadows round me throw,
Prince-like and gently dealing,
And shielding me from woe :
The first in countless legions
Are ye in manhood's sight,
When in the world I wander,
Recall me to Thy Light !

LXXXII.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

SICKNESS.

"They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick."

"HE healèd him, and let him go,"
 Nor stayed his footsteps, weak and slow,
 As long had been his toilsome state,
 By weary way-side called to wait :
 So now He raiseth him by hand and might,
 He healeth him, fast bound in evil plight !

No more we seek to know than this,
 Beholding work of love and bliss,
 Which Christ hath wrought on sick of soul
 In gracious love restoring whole
 The needy ones, who ask a Saviour's care,
 Who pains of mortal woe and sickness bear.

What if the world think scorn of deed
 Performed in tempting hour of need,
 As man may feel the Saviour near—
 The present moment past from fear
 To joyous sense of healing now at hand—
 Though world would fain not know nor understand.

He "healed him : " no answer true
 Can world return to Christ's review ;
 In silence each the lowest place
 Must take with shame before His Face.
 Though late full pressing to the foremost seat—
 So honour ripe to reap from those at meat.

O grace, prevent our sickness sore
With healing balsams from Thy store :
Always at hand in weal or woe,
The living waters onward flow,
Till marsh and morass shall in peace be healed,
And we by grace owned as of God, and sealed :

He "let him go : " no more, my soul
Will Time thy future e'er unroll :
Yet One will in His memory keep,
Thy form and image, yea, till sleep
And Dark shall yield to dawning light of day,
And He shall bid thee ever with Him stay !

LXXXIII.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

NEIGHBOURLINESS.

"If there is any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

NOT second, ah, while first seems best,
Is love to man, as righteous test :
If nought of love for brother seen
Be felt as power from self to wean,
Then love to God is but an idle word,
A dream of night—a phantom's song unheard !

So, Lord, Thy answer speaketh plain
To questioner : in moment vain,
Or probing deep the truth to know,
That love might banish human woe :
"This is the first—love God with soul and mind :
Thyself quite last ; and neighbour both to bind."

O test of love ! O strictness true !
The mind asks not a clearer clue
To read the mystery divine,
How love on Earth may best entwine
With love amid the hosts of God on high
And live by love, and give back sigh for sigh.

If other law of life than this
Would point to man a greater bliss,
If satisfaction can be gained
By law alone and way unstained,
If purpose high in self-consuming pride
Would in its bosom wasted moments hide :

Then would not man have asked in doubt
Sure guidance for the ways "without,"
Reward had followed action true
In inward bliss of perfect hue :
As oft as good was offspring of desire
So oft man's soul had reached a bliss none higher !

But law of love speaks gently, nay
There is no truer, higher way
Than love to brethren, whose degree
Is bounded only as we see :
Then, Lord, let love my heart its mystery know
Disdaining self—in other heart to grow !

LXXXIV.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FADED LEAVES.

"We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind have taken us away."

"Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves and scatter his fruit ; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches."

BUT yesterday so fresh and fair
And green with living grace,
Now yellow-hued and worn and bare
The trees stand face to face :
I know not why—but earth seems sad
At leafless scene and view ;
But yesterday the voices glad,
And now the echoes few !

"Yet wherefore sad" my soul replies
To darker thoughts and dim :

"See not decay, but purpose wise
Leads to the river's rim :
Not bare the trees were formed to be
By Him who gave them life ;
Their pristine beauty is the plea
Decay will urge when rife."

"I know," thus self replieth low
"That once the hours of morn
Gleamed pleasantly on leaf and bough
Ere sorrow came forlorn ;
But what is that to faded look
Or withered form and grace,
The leaves are yellow in God's book,
Their faded light I trace."

“ Unwise at heart, be not too sure ”
 The Spirit answereth plain,
 “ The leaves may change ; the trees endure
 To blossom forth again.
 When present want hath spent its force
 And lack of life be passed,
 The Spirit’s sap will upwards course,
 Decay will yield at last.”

LXXXV.

St. Luke’s Day.

I.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

THE snows dissolve, the herbage now
 Returns to open plain and field,
 The blossom hangs from leafy bough
 Our promise is revealed !

Around is change from death to life
 While joy springs forth with youthful bloom
 And hushed is winter’s angry strife—
 We think not of its doom.

Alas ! The Spring its vision brought,
 We thought to stay its joyous hours,
 It hurried on with danger fraught
 To Summer’s gayest flowers.

Yet still the year, like dove of old
 Sent forth to glide o’er watery waste,
 Found for itself no ark of gold
 Wherein of rest might taste.

The chilly autumn followed hard
On summer's luscious heated days,
Decay could we help to retard
With the sun's lessening rays !

And each day brings less summer glow,
As sinks the year like waning moon,
The stream of life will backward flow,
And night will reach its noon.

O emblem fair, do we thee deem
As knit with us mysteriously,
From dream to act, and act to dream
Speak to us, righteously !

II.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE evening shadows fall around
The prison-cell of God's dear saint ;
We list in vain for faltering plaint
Though life once strong for God lies bound.

The changing years have worked their will
On iron frame and massive mind,
As plays the might of storm and wind
On rugged oak by mountain rill.

Yet other days and other scenes
The soul of man once all engrossed ;
Our troops of friends were joy and boast
Received from God as pledge and means

Of what the coming years would bring
 When summer shone with glittering glow,
 When Harvest followed ripe, and slow
 With fruits of earth on joyous Spring.

But present world, the love hath gained
 Of those whose hearts seemed all our own
 Like birds to other climes have flown
 The faithless, as the Summer waned.

And now in prison cell apart
 We wait the course fulfilled to be,
 Amid the calm that on the lea
 Seems resting with the world and mart.

And One is faithful, as of old
 Was Luke to Paul in lonely hour ;
 True friendship still a priceless dower
 Our Lord hath paid with pains untold !

LXXXVI.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*THE WEDDING GARMENT.*

“ And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man
 which had not on a wedding garment.”

THE night without ; press in with hast'ning throng
 From way-side gathered to the rich man's
 feast ;

Within is joy, and music sweet and song :
 Awhile at least
 We'll drive the darkness hence
 And still the sense !

But will the Lord ask nought of thee than this,
To sit by side of guests in festive throng
And share the feast, and taste its sweetest bliss?

Ah, then no wrong
Were thine to press within
Nor sense of sin!

But soon his eye will range the happy throng,
And tables laden fair with fruit and flower
Think then that thou wilt 'scape his gaze for long?

Yea hour by hour,
He numbers o'er his own,
He seals alone!

O garment fair that I in faith must wear
To sit with sweetest joy his guests among,
And feast at tables far from want and care:

Oh happy throng,
That garment I must wear
That throng to dare!

LXXXVII.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

"SUPPLICATION FOR ALL SAINTS."

"Supplication for all Saints."

O WARRIOR watch beside thy armour bright
That armour now unstained with grief and sin,
Watch noon and night, in darkness or in light:

Yon battle's din
Will test thy strength of limb,
Thy warrior trim!

The warrior spake : " This sword and armour bright
 This shield for angry dart and breastplate true
 Is all I'll need to stand in goodly sight.

Prayer is for you
 Afar from battle's din
 And storm of sin ! "

O warrior bold, not flesh and blood thy foes
 To meet in deadly scathe in armour bright ;
 But wiles of Powers ill, Monarchs of woes ;

Prayer aids the fight,
 None can dispense with it
 As men to quit !

The warrior said : " My armour bright will win
 Since strong it is and tried for battle's trim ;
 Since God hath made it strong for heart within.

Yet strength of limb
 Grows great I know from prayer :
 Oh then it share ! "

LXXXVIII.

Saints Simon and Jude, Apostles.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

" Earnestly contend for the faith, which was once delivered to the
 Saints."

L O, the year in shadows deeper
 Draws towards the end :
 Death, his golden-crownèd reaper
 Soon will send

No more let the way be lonely
Moving on to God ;
See the saints are round us only—
Staff and rod.

Mystic tie of treasure earthen
Which the Church doth bind ;
Ease, refreshment from their burthen
Each will find !

Faith the word of mystic meaning
Linking each to each,
Soul on soul in joy now leaning—
Thus beseech.

Once for all that word was spoken
By the Master dear,
Need we now no other token
Nought we fear.

And in days of conflict zealous
Should the spirit quail,
Duty clear that word will tell us
Not to fail.

Or, if danger should press stronger
Journeying on to God,
Know the way which now seems longer
Saints have trod.

LXXXIX.

All Saints' Day.

"God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself."

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Where the sea of glass
Rolls its waters molten,
Through the rushing Pass ;
Blood-red is the shining
Of that judgment-wave,
Symbol of the dreadful
Death which Egypt drave.

Now the song ascending
Stirs with victor-might,
As from waters sudden
Stand the saints in light :
Harps of God are filling
Breasts with holy glee,
Since the "saved" had gotten
Wondrous victory.

List that song uprising
With the harps of gold :
"Marvellous and mighty
O Lord God, untold
Are Thy works of glory
Manifest in sight ;
Yea, before Thee, bending
See the nations' might !"

“ Holy, only art Thou,
Who shall not fear Thy Name ;
Since the hour of Judgment
Cometh with its shame ?
Yea, Thy ways are righteous,
O Lord God of Truth,
Justness is Thy Banner
King of Age and Youth ! ”

A MULTITUDE which none could number
well

Of nations, kindreds, peoples, stood before
The Emerald Throne—a victor, pilgrim throng !
White-robed their raiment, festal-clad and wielding
The wavy branches of dark Jordan's palms.
Their shouts of joy are borne on Heaven's air
As loud they cry “ Salvation to our God
Whose seat is on the emerald-circled throne,
And to The Lamb.” The Angel host return
The joyous strains—in number numberless ;
Prostrate they fall before the Seat of Life,
And cry “ Amen, Amen ; let blessing be
And honour to our God for aye and aye ! ”

“ But who are these, as victors clad in white ?
And whence came they ? ” my soul in wonder
asks.

“ Lived they as mortals on this grosser earth ?
Knew they the power of tribulation strong,
And heat and cold, and tearful, soiled face ? ”
A spirit voice to troubled heart replies :

“Yea, these are they who lived and suffered long
That they might win a golden crown above,
And now, no more shall hunger, toil or pain
Claim life from God, who feedeth these His own
And wipeth tears from every sorrowing eye !”

O BLESSÈD saints of God
Who stand in light
Before the emerald throne
In raiment white :
No earthly toil is thine,
Nor tear of woe,
But sweetest summer light
And sunlit glow !

Ye are not lost to life
Of ours on earth,
The darksome river passed
Starts the new birth :
But golden link is kept
From Past to this,
So that the Future brings
But gain of bliss.

Across the Spirit-stream
Our hands we hold,
To touch the garments white
Or grasp so bold
The spirit-forms we love,
O vain delight :
Yet Death does not deprive
Us of Thy sight !

And we must follow on
To shadowy stream,
Victorious to prove
Over Death's dream ;
Unspeakable the joys
That are above
If we are knit with saints,
And one in love.

WHO are the Blessèd? Hear again
he words Christ hath declared plain.
On mountain-top He sat and spake
And bade the Disciples lowly take
The lessons true of Kingdom vast
Which linked the Present with the Past,
And breathed the truth of Gospel grace,
Where erst the Law had only place.
Not stern decree, and edict bare
The Saviour now would urge with care,
But show His Kingdom in His Saints
E'en as they lived mid toil and plaints,
And met the hard rebuke of world
Nor turned aside with banner furled.

Thrice blessèd these ; the poor in name
Since rich in God becomes their claim :
The mourners too, for they shall know
How streams of consolation flow :
The meek shall seize the seats of pride
And rule earth's treasures far and wide.

The famished wanderers after Truth
 Shall He replenish from their youth !
 The merciful shall mercy gain,
 In times of want, nor prayer prove vain.
 The pure in heart shall see our God,
 In wilderness as staff and rod.
 O make for Peace as lovers true,
 Of God, since this His children's clue ;
 But more than this, give love in turn
 For words of wrong and deeds that spurn !
 Thus Christ would number up his own,
 His kingdom's jewels loved and known !

XC.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.*THE LAW OF FORGIVENESS.*

“ Peter said unto Jesus, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? Till seven times ? ”

THE love of Christ constraineth ; but itself
 Knows not constraint in use and power of
 love :

As river forcing channel for itself
 Through rocky cliff from hollowed height above,

So love for Christ will sway the mind of man,
 And urge him on to live for righteousness !
 The love of Christ o'erflowing where it can
 The course our pride would mark for it to bless.

Not "limitless" is then God's power and will
 To freely give, and freely take away
 The debt now due—so great its grossness ill,
 Increasing ever, growing day by day.

He will forgive : let us but lie along
 In lowliest place, where pride can find no room,
 "Forgive, dear Lord," the burden of our song,
 The low, sweet chant averting debt and doom !

Alas, if we should think the seven times fair,
 And all our Saviour would expect in turn
 When brother sues to brother in despair—
 We prayer and pleading seeking then to spurn !

Not seven times—no number perfect is
 If we would as our Saviour wish to be ;
 Perfection only can be reached like His,
 As number limitless we take as plea.

O prayer that we must pray from heart to God
 Our Father—with the thought of Daily Bread,
 How can we 'scape the dread Avenger's rod
 If but by demons dark our souls are led !

XCI.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

THE HEAVENLY CITIZENSHIP.

"Our conversation is in heaven."

CÆSAR no boast may make of power supreme
 Whereby man's heart must bend as it may deem
 At times, 'tis true the world seems all in all
 But soon its weary yoke begins to pall.

A grandeur brief and stateliness awhile
We feel and ask, then turning with a smile
Maybe of bitterness and pain we seek
For purer streams of joy and courses meek.
Ah, blessèd truth to know—a city bright
Shines forth amid the darkness of the night ;
And we are citizens—its starry seats
Are ours, and days for daring deeds and feats !
So life on earth grows larger in our view
As thus we contemplate the good and true.
We peer through mist and darkness till our gaze
Rests full on God and all His perfect ways.
The Lamb we follow through the golden streets
Nor feel that Time would surfeit with its sweets :
Since God hath made Time pass with golden
wings ;
Nor cast its shadows where the Daylight flings
Its rays of glory o'er the sons of earth
Now joined in love with those of heavenly birth.
But this in perfectness beyond—O State
And City golden made for purpose great !
Yet e'en through working day and speeding hour
The Heavenly City claims some present power.
As citizens, so grows the stern demand,
Allied in thought and life to other land,
This duty learn—be brave, and strong, and
pure ;
Mind heavenly things, the Cross and shame
endure,
Till God shall reckon up His great account
And call all worthy, higher heights to mount !

XCII.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*INTERCESSION.*

"Praying always for you."

WHAT should I pray for brothers loved indeed,
Though far the space which separates our
souls,

Prayer that should rise on high to intercede
With thronèd might, prevailing o'er Time's shoals?

Not slothful ease, nor sunny days and bright,
Which well may come as God propitious sends ;
Not treasure reaped where hearts have toiled in
light
Amid the golden fields of happy ends !

For these lead on to darkened hours and bare,
Unrest and Pain as shadows haunt our way ;
Earth's richest fruits we change for homeliest fare,
So hope to reach the land of no decay !

But I would pray as Paul for Church afar
Which heard and gained the grace of God in truth,
Whose faith and love gleamed as some distant star
Gleams on our manhood's course from days of
youth.

And knowledge : is not this the best for use—
To know His Will and Truth in Wisdom's ways?
Fair fruit of Eden, now no more misuse
Can claim from God this heritage of praise.

Knowledge will lead to where the waters meet
 Of self and God, and guide the choice aright ;
 "That man may know," this prayer let me repeat,
 So change his days of darkness into light.
 And walk in worthiness of strength and fruit
 (This following hard on knowledge gained of
 God) :
 Thus faith will grow as plant from goodliest root,
 And "joyfulness," where foot of man hath trod.

XCIII.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.*GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.*

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

NOT lost ; for all my God bestows is well,
 And gain and loss with Him their oneness
 tell ;
 He giveth life not stinted from His Hand
 But rich and prodigal, as sea-side sand.
 O Life that seems so vast, so strangely planned !
 I bow in meek surprise before that holy band,
 That army militant, which works His will,
 And knows no rest His purpose to fulfil !
 The ever-glittering stars ; the rushing stream ;
 The heated breath of earth in Passion's dream ;
 The troubled look of ocean and its tides
 Borne restless, ebbing, flowing where life bides—
 Speak forth of strength in motion's myriad ways,
 Bid human hearts stand still in prayer and praise !

No, not lost ! for He will gather now
What seems as left and lost from use and vow.
To earthly eye like vapour into Past
So thoughts and deeds have flitted, till at last
Abundance man would measure as the hour
But calls and names—aught else beyond his power
To know or guess—yea, let the fragments lie,
To rot and waste, where carrion birds do fly,
Or whitened bones upon the Dead-Sea shore
Where life and spirit move for never more !
Not lost ; then Lord Thy lesson homeward bring
When fed of Thee in fulness of life's spring !
Time, duty, grace, Occasion rare for use,
These not for waste, for riot and abuse :
Life, rich and prodigal ! Thy bounty, too,
Man's heart in trust and hope would seek to woo !
Yet look for coming years and moments bare,
The fragments gathered now—changed then to
food most fair.



For Harvest.

THE FEAST OF THE INGATHERING.

IN Palace of the East
 Where Earth the Bride and Sun her
 lord and king
 From labour when released
 By hours of twilight which the shadows bring
 Were wont in slumber sweet
 To pass the moments till the Dawn should rouse ;
 A dream did Earth repeat
 One morn to him, her sovereign lord and spouse.

“ I seemed to stand ” she said,
 “ Amid men’s desolations. All around
 Were tokens grim and red
 Of angry passions which had erst been bound,
 But now let loose awhile
 To prey with ghostly force on hearth and home :
 The four sore plagues and vile,
 Which prophet had foreseen my fields to roam.”

“ Then cried a voice above,
 ‘ My spirit shall not alway strive with man :
 Let there be peace and love
 Where now is pestilence and sword. I scan
 The goodly age, the year
 Of Jubilee, that is to come. Lo, round
 My feet, my children dear
 Are gathered, while their songs of peace resound ! ’ ”

Earth spake her dream of joy
Which issued from the long dark night of grief,
And then in accents coy
Bade her dear Lord go forth with strong relief
Of his bright beams and heat
That men might reap whereon they toiled and wept,
And as was just and meet
The Feast of Harvest might be gladly kept.

And soon a wondrous change
Came over field and landscape near and far ; .
Where skill of man could range
There evil was forbid his work to mar.
The icy wind of North
Was backward driven to his dreary cave,
And from the healing South
Came forth fruit-bringing vapours earth to lave.

And in time of Harvest
They spread the Feast of the Ingathering.
With keen desire and zest
Earth's children troop to their glad summoning :
Each in the wedding-dress
Of praise, which upward rose as frankincense
From lips that sweetly bless,
While satisfaction glowed in heart and sense !

A Retrospect.

O CITY of the long, long history :
 To me thou speakest of the things of time
 Long since forgotten, with the bells that
 chime
 From out the steeple of our memory !
 To-day the hum of life thy melody
 And tears that flow apace for human crime,
 And laughter loud and deep at this world's
 mime
 Wherein we play our parts ineffably !
 Yet shall not Past and Present join with thee :
 The waters from their far-off source unite
 Melodiously with near and present streams,
 And onward through the meads of gay delight
 As thy white walls rise stately in our dreams
 Flow till engulfed in arms of Ocean's Sea !

